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THE INSOLENCE OF FRANCO

WAR always sweeps away survivals that cannot justify themselves before history. Three Emperors were discarded last time: this time there will be guilty dictators and unwanted kings who will keep a salutary tradition alive. Something of that kind occurred to most of us, as we read the interview, as tactless as it was impudent, which General Franco has given to the world. His professions of neutrality were made with a view to securing his admission to the Peace Conference, at which he argues that Spain's "impartiality" will be valuable. When the power of the Axis was at its height he used to deny the charge that he was a neutral with some heat: what he then claimed to be was a "non-belligerent" member of what looked like the winning team. But he did, in fact, enter the war by sending his Blue Division to Russia. In those days he used to excuse himself for not doing more, but he formally promised in a public declaration that he would send a million men to Germany's succour if ever she were in need of help. What precisely he meant by his declaration that he will never ally himself with any but a Catholic Power it is hard to guess. Were the Nazis models of the Catholic faith? His claim to be a democrat was interesting only because it echoed a notorious boast of Hitler's to the same effect. His statement that he now keeps only 20,000 of his political opponents in prison was important only because it may deceive. If that were all, it would be, six years after the end of the civil war, a shockingly high figure. But it is not all: he keeps in the worst conditions, in his Labour camps, at the least a further 200,000 men. In addition, there are the ticket-of-leave "politicals" who live under close supervision, and there are the dead. Such is the chivalry of which he boasts.

This man is a reincarnation of all that is darkest in Spanish history, kept alive in this contemporary world by the modern techniques of tyranny he learned from the Nazis and the Fascists, a Torquemada who has gone to school to Himmler. He cannot survive unless British power supports him. The French people, who can again show their sense of fraternity with the Spanish Republicans, may have to behave "correctly," but they will certainly not load the scales in his favour. So soon as they can act without the fear of foreign opposition, the growing forces of resistance within Spain will rise, and the Labour Party and the French Left must see to it that no help goes to Franco. His hint that he may one day restore the monarchy, though not just yet, reads like a bid for Mr. Churchill's favour. We should have thought that he had already received enough aid from Britain. He has had from Downing Street not merely supplies of wheat, oil and other essential imports on the easiest terms, together with verbal encouragement, but arms in considerable quantity have gone to his authentically Catholic ally, Dr. Salazar. Were those tanks required to hold down the Portuguese workers, or were they destined for Spain? To continue this material support would be a reckless policy, likely to offend both our greater Allies. America fears Franco's influence as a Nazi agent and channel of communication with Latin America, while Russia has much to remember.

This man stands for three things in Spain—the swollen professional army, the upper hierarchy of the Church, but chiefly the landed gentry, which runs the army and the Church. He exists to defend the worst and most oppressive landed system in Europe, which, in the South, has turned a once rich and smiling landscape into a desert, peopled with human wreckage. It is this misery that British policy has perpetuated since 1936. The same thing is true of Italy, where the House of Savoy means one thing only—the headship of a caste of functionless and usually absentee landlords, who not only sweat the peasants, but keep them ignorant and apathetic. It is disturbing news that two Germanic pretenders have now arrived in Europe, Rupprecht of Bavaria and Otto of Habsburg. Do they also look to Downing Street? A Europe divided among a plethora of little kingdoms, most of them Catholic, all reactionary and economically ludicrous, and all of them run by their landlords—is that Downing Street's alternative to Hitler's New Order?

His Fourth Term

Mr. Roosevelt had been for five years—long, even, before his country entered the war—the standard-bearer in the other hemisphere of our common cause: he personified it, as Churchill and Stalin do. For that reason, if for no other, a sigh of relief was audible in many languages when it was realised that his re-election is certain. The heavy poll, for which he may have to thank his Labour supporters of the C.I.O., has told in his favour. The decisive fact is not so much his impressive total poll as the capture of the great States of New York, Pennsylvania, California and Illinois. All told, some 35 States may be reckoned for him against 13 for Governor Dewey. These are, of course, only provisional results, but everyone reckons that the soldiers' vote, when it is counted, will yield an even more emphatic majority for the President. He owes much to the feeling that a change of teams at this phase of the two wars might have awkward and unpredictable consequences for the diplomatic as well as the military conduct of the struggle. To the last, Mr. Dewey's personality seemed a somewhat negative quantity. Was he more than a capable prosecuting attorney? He had promised that there should be no change either in the conduct of the war or in the broad lines of the Administration's policy for peace, and he had specifically endorsed the sketch that came from Dumbarton Oaks. But behind him the shrewd voter saw clearly enough the forces of Isolation and the inflamed Nationalism of the *Chicago Tribune*. From that point of view the defeat of Hamilton Fish, once an open admirer of Hitler and an anti-Semite, is a satisfactory symptom. But the chief cause for rejoicing is that under Mr. Roosevelt the United States may now follow, at home and abroad, an economy of plenty. Under Mr. Dewey, bent chiefly on lowering direct taxation and lifting all controls, Big Business would have reverted to a policy of restriction. Even before the roster is complete, it is clear that the Democrats have a substantial majority in the Lower House, and a working plurality in the Senate. Several of the President's camouflaged opponents in the South are eliminated; moreover, his

personal success should add so much to his prestige that he will find it fairly easy to deal with the Legislature during the first half of his term at least, which may be both for his own country and the United Nations the more critical half.

The Final Offensive ?

Marshal Stalin spoke on Monday in the dual capacity of statesman and soldier. With the political implications of his speech we deal in a leading article. His review of the military situation was remarkable for its optimism: at no distant date the "flag of victory" would be hoisted in Berlin. German commentators have been quick to draw the obvious inference, that the Moscow Conference, endorsing plans framed at Quebec, decided on a winter campaign of maximum intensity, to be launched before Germany has had time to replenish and re-equip the divisions mangled, East and West, during the summer. The preparatory moves on both the main fronts are approaching (or may have reached) completion. In the West the clearing of the Scheldt estuary solves the problem of maintaining supplies adequate for the exploitation of a breakthrough. In the East the Red Army's diversionary attacks on the wings have probably already achieved most of their planned objectives. Thirty German divisions are cut off in Latvia, and as many more are "pinned" in the inconclusive fighting in East Prussia. The occupation of Rumania and Transylvania has secured urgently needed food supplies for the U.S.S.R., and the threat to Budapest, Bratislava and Vienna has compelled the enemy High Command to weaken the defences of Poland. In short, the stage is set for a general assault between now and Christmas on the heart of the Reich, from East and West. There is a hard enemy crust to crack; the battle will be no walk-over. But Germany possesses few reserves behind the front lines.

New Men in Bucharest

The reconstruction of the Rumanian Cabinet is more than a re-shuffle; it represents a definite Leftward shift of power. General Sanatescu remains Prime Minister, but both Maniu and Bratianu disappear. Their parties—National Peasant and Liberal respectively—are represented in the new administration, but the National Democratic Bloc (National Peasants, Liberals, Social Democrats and Communists), which formed the basis for Sanatescu's first Government, is dead. It is replaced by the National Democratic Front, embracing the Social Democrats, the Communists, the Patriotic Front, the new Agricultural Front and the United Trade Unions. Petre Grozea, leader of the Agricultural Front, becomes Vice-Premier; Patrascanu (Communist Party) holds the portfolio for Justice; and Vladescu Racoasa, who directed the Patriotic Front's underground resistance, is Minister for Minorities. Visoianu, the new Foreign Minister, belongs to the National Peasant Party, but is reported to be pro-Russian in sympathies. The reconstruction of the Government is the direct consequence of pressure from Moscow. The Russians complained that the late Government had failed to implement its Armistice undertakings: tractors, machine-tools, the Odessa tramcars and other capital goods looted from the U.S.S.R. were not being returned as promised, and the internment of members of the Iron Guard was (allegedly) half-hearted. These charges may well be true; but, as the Red Army is firmly in control of Rumania, it is not obvious why it was necessary to insist on a change of Government in order to secure fulfilment of the Armistice terms. Nor is the new Cabinet dominated by the Communists. It is certainly more pro-Russian than its predecessor, and it is likely to be more progressive in the matter of land reform; but it remains a coalition, headed by a "safe" general, and it depends too much on the collaboration of conflicting interests to be, in all probability, an effective or enduring administration. The revolutionary process in Rumania has not yet reached finality. What the Russians, however, most urgently wanted they have got—the elimination of Bratianu and Maniu, old men but still commanding considerable popular support, strongly antagonistic to the U.S.S.R., and apt to look towards London for backing.

Murder

It is now known that the brutal murderers of Lord Moyne, a likeable man who made no personal enemies came from that small group of Jewish fanatics who have banded together for acts of violence. They are regarded with abhorrence by the mass of Jews in Palestine as well as outside it. Not only have they no connection with the recognised Zionist movement, they have been engaged in a violent feud with it over a period of many years. It should be recalled that their first exploits in terrorism were the removal by murder not of British officials, but of leaders of the Jewish community in Palestine. The only thing to be said until the searching inquiry which Mr. Churchill promised, has been made, is that we hope that this deplorable incident will serve to induce the Government to state in explicit terms what partition of Palestine they intend to enforce and then to enforce it against these Jewish fanatics and also against the Arab killers whose toll of murders is far greater than the Jewish. Palestine is drifting into a Sinn Fein situation.

Loggerheads at Chicago

The International Aviation Conference is at sixes and sevens. To begin with, the composition of the proposed world authority is in dispute. The American proposal—that the nine permanent members of the Executive Council should be two Americans, two Russians, two representing the British Commonwealth, with one each from France, Brazil and China—has provoked strong opposition from South America, the Dominions and the smaller European States. As to the authority's powers, there are even fewer signs of agreement. As expected, the United States will not accept any restrictions on free competition. Mr. Berle, indeed, indicated that America might ultimately agree to national "quotas" being recognised for traffic on various international routes; but this could not be done until competitive services had created the pattern to which the quotas should conform. If the United States adheres to this attitude, the outcome will be presumably a series of bilateral bargains between States—an international "free for all" in which the Americans will start with the initial advantage of enjoying a virtual monopoly of available aircraft. Advocated tepidly by Lord Swinton, the British proposal that frequencies, rates and national quotas should be controlled by a world authority licensing system, was brushed aside by Mr. Berle as an unacceptable form of cartel organisation. Though the American attitude would probably have in any case brought the Chicago Conference to loggerheads, it is regrettable that Britain gave no support to the Dominions' plan for World Airways, internationally owned and operated. We shall come to it one day; but much friction and waste will intervene meanwhile.

The Social Security Debate

A notable and unsatisfactory feature of the debate on social insurance policy was Sir John Anderson's failure to promise any time-table for giving effect to the Government promises. The Bill now before Parliament merely sets up the new Ministry of Social Insurance: it does not implement any operative part of the Social Security Plan. The plan itself will require not merely one more Bill, but several. Children's allowances and workmen's compensation—to say nothing of the health service aspects—will have to be dealt with separately from the main social insurance scheme. When all this will get done, and how it will be worked in with other indispensable legislation on post-war problems, nobody knows. It looks rather as if most of the required legislation will be held over until Labour is out of the Government, and will then be passed by a Tory Ministry, which will, of course, claim the credit for it. The big outstanding issues—adequacy of benefit rates in relation to the cost of living, adequacy of children's allowances, adequacy in the long run of the proposed rates of pension, character of unemployment and sickness benefits (involving the issue of the Means Test)—will thus not be settled now, but will come up one by one when the different Bills are introduced. This suits the Government very well: it prevents such bodies as the Social Security League from mobilising public opinion in a single, all-in campaign.

The Approved Societies

The interests behind the "approved society" system are campaigning bitterly against the Government's decision to bring the "approved societies" to an end—a decision now reaffirmed by Sir John Anderson. Sir John's main argument was that the "approved societies," which deal only with health insurance, cannot be worked into a unified plan of social insurance such as is now to be brought into being; but he was careful to meet criticism from one quarter by promising that the State would offer employment in the new unified service to as many as possible of the officers of the displaced societies, and would compensate the rest. This may placate some of the agents; but it will obviously fail to satisfy the insurance companies, which fear, above all, the loss of voluntary insurance business when their representatives can no longer tout for it under cover of their agency for the State scheme. It is indeed obvious that it would be much more economical, and better all round, for the State to take over industrial insurance as a whole, including the voluntary side, as Sir William Beveridge suggested in his report. The refusal to do this is "politics"; and the result of the division is bound to be unsatisfactory. For the retention of the "approved societies" in general there is no case: it would be absurd to retain in the unified scheme the anomaly of societies offering differing sickness benefits in return for the same contributions. The only real question is whether societies administering voluntary sickness or other benefits should be allowed to administer the new standard benefits under the State scheme. Here the Friendly Societies (but not the profit-seeking insurance companies or the collecting societies) have a case; for they do know their members' circumstances and do have to maintain an efficient "home service." If their claim could be met without making concessions to the other types of society, the scheme would be strengthened. But it would be better to make no concession than to bring the whole tribe of private insurance interests in again by the back door.

Full Employment—Beveridge

Sir William Beveridge's long-awaited book *Full Employment in a Free Society* is now published. It is reviewed in our columns this week. It is designed to elaborate the basic assumption made in his social insurance scheme—that there is a method by which large-scale and protracted unemployment can be avoided, short of a complete Socialist economy. Messrs. Allen and Unwin are to be congratulated for having sponsored this unofficial successor to the original Beveridge Plan. As, however, the full report is extremely lengthy, this journal and *Reynolds News* are jointly publishing a special summary written by Sir William himself, which is intended to serve both as an introduction to the more technical report and as a means of bringing its essential arguments and conclusions to a wider public. This summary of about twenty thousand words will be available in three weeks' time, and will be obtainable from all booksellers or from this office, price sixpence.

PARLIAMENT: Social Semi-Security

Wednesday, noon

THE Social Insurance debate was noteworthy for the quality of the three Ministerial speeches and also of the maiden speech of Sir William Beveridge. Jowitt held the House with his measured and bell-like oratory: at last, after many months of

ustration and apparent ineffectiveness, he had s chance and took it. Butler seemed to find the bjects of family allowances and school meals easy and pleasant pendant to his recent major k; he indulged in some quite elaborate fancies, ch as the "damp and crumpled sandwiches" of schoolchildren of the past, and this: "I uld compare the approved societies with one our old English hedgerows, which has grown as a windbreak to temper the wind to the poor an. It holds out its berries and leaves to attract passer-by. It offers different degrees of elter . . . but the hedger who approaches it, be never so wary, may be pricked by an unruly iar or enmeshed by some coiling creeper." embers felt that the Minister must have had a fairly full note" of that passage. They accepted ut for a few tetchy ladies) Butler's wisdom-of-lomon decision to make family allowances shable by either parent: the father, he said, ght use the money "for unsuitable purposes ich I need not define"—but so might the other. In any case, he stressed the fact that the overnment had abandoned (with the general idea social security) the idea that a child's allowance uld provide its subsistence: it is merely intended to help the general economy of the mily."

Beveridge's friends had looked forward to his aiden speech with some anxiety, his enemies in expectation of gloating over another Big Noise ling to impress the House of Commons. In t, he had a most notable success, and held an exceptionally full House spellbound by his mastery of the subject. He had evidently been well drilled in the little courtesies and modesties which so captivate Members; the only criticism was that he should have spoken slightly louder. He begged the Government to reconsider their inadequate children's allowance and ultimate rate of old-age pension, and urged them to "keep the friendly societies as responsible agents," while disregarding the profit-making approved societies.

The anti-security jeremiad of Sir Waldron Smithers, M.P. for Chislehurst, was a splendidly farcical interlude. He said that Britain's economic future was "in the milking-pot" (meaning melting-pot); that to say that security was attainable after the war was as "flagrant a breach of the natural law" as would be an attempt by the Government to abolish the law of gravity; and that "You cannot compel a man to work—you can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink." A Labour Member: "You can lead a man from Chislehurst to Westminster, but you cannot make him think." Jim Griffiths and Anderson wound up a fairly satisfactory debate, in moods respectively of vision and of caution.

At question-time Grigg circulated an extremely long answer about home posting from overseas "for the purpose of starting a family" and for other reasons. Hopkinson pursued his probing of some awkward food irregularities in the R.A.F., eliciting, to a question beginning "Why," the not altogether explicit answer "No."

PONTIFEX MINOR

THE ROLE OF THE U.S.S.R.

s his speech on Monday, Stalin only gave e new indication of Russia's post-war attitude. spoke of Japan in terms as severe as those applied to Germany. This should not be taken indicate that Russia will declare war on Japan soon as the Allied armies have reached Berlin, t it presumably means that the U.S.S.R. will e a hand in the defeat of Japan—at least by ing facilities to the Americans in Siberia or rhaps by a much more active collaboration.

One of the most notable passages in Stalin's eech emphasise that Russia's achievements re due to her Socialism. Stalin did not boast, t pride in the Soviet achievement ran through his speech. In 1920 Russia was an apparently nkrupt, indeed derelict country, in the throes revolution, surrounded by hostile neighbours o were subsidising a variety of ill-judged and tile armies of invasion. Then it seemed to enin and Trotsky that the policy must be to seek e alliance of the discontented masses in every untry. Their theme was world revolution. The licy was a failure, and Stalin learnt by it. rotsky, who would not learn, was exiled. Stalin tlined his own plan in 1927 and stated it in e clearest terms in 1939. He believed in the ssibility of "Socialism in one country"—and Russia at least his faith has been justified. cialism, he said, would be propagated by Soviet xample" and not by revolutionary bayonets. storically, his unique achievement is to have rried through an industrial revolution on a cialist basis in one of the most backward untries of the world, and to have done so thout allowing Russia to become dependent on y foreign Power. Economists thought this im-ssible; they were wrong mainly because they uld not conceive of any population suffering much in the short run for a long-term objec-e. No country based on the theory of capital-"abstinence" has ever saved so much for the e of capital development as Socialist Russia. ussia paid her bills in cash, she imported the achinery and technicians she needed, and has en able for the last ten years to do without even ose forms of foreign help. To-day Russia is afraid of the Western Powers that threatened r before her industrial revolution, and she will in a position after the war to offer them a great arket for their goods and to receive aid in re-building her devastated areas without fearing the influence of foreign capital. It is part and parcel of this policy not to provoke unnecessary fears in foreign capitals, and to eschew any aid to revolutionary groups. Indeed, many Communist Parties abroad are now notably "reformist" and painfully anxious to avoid offering a direct challenge to the ruling class.

Stalin rightly foresaw that the prestige of a powerful Socialist Russia must be immense. Those who used to deride the inefficiency of Russia are now terrified of her success. No conspiratorial parties are now needed to defend the Soviet Union; wherever there is unemployment, the absurdity of "over-production," the economic muddle that comes from subservience to the financial pressure of a creditor nation; wherever capitalism fails to work, the example of Soviet planning will be seized upon by all the dispossessed and discontented. In so far as Russia's foreign policy is "ideological," it will be exerted on governments "through the usual channels." We must not exaggerate the significance of Russia's rebuff to Switzerland, but it is perhaps indicative of the new Soviet attitude. Here is a small democratic country which has had no official relations with Russia for more than twenty years and which during the war has banned Communists and Fascists alike. Its government has been able to maintain its independence during this war, but at the cost of supplying the Nazis with much that they wanted, and its Foreign Minister has the reputation of being a strong supporter of Mussolini. Now in days of Russia's strength this government proposes to "recognise" the Soviet Union. It is not surprising that Russia's reply is a somewhat contemptuous refusal. Similarly, Stalin is no longer concerned to counter the intervention of foreign Fascism in the Iberian Peninsula by Soviet intervention, but he may be able to exercise an important influence on those countries by making it clear that as long as they are Fascist he does not regard them in the category of "peace-loving" nations with which the U.S.S.R. is prepared to enter into relations when discussing civil aviation or similar matters with the United Nations.

In certain essentials the Soviet Union has leapt ahead of the rest of us. Our generation is confronted with an inescapable challenge. The system by which decisions about production have been made by calculations of what would pay the producer, brought us great national wealth in the past. To-day it no longer serves. There is no Invisible Hand that turns "private greed" to the "public benefit." Private greed produces unemployment; capitalism is confronted with inner contradictions it cannot solve. In the less developed areas, in China and in the eastern and south-eastern areas of Europe, for instance, there is no solution for the problem of poverty except through a drastic reform of the system of land tenure. Those who fear Russian influence should note that the Soviet Union shows no signs of wishing to press on her neighbours a policy of collectivised agriculture, though the success of its own collective system will in time have an effect in areas suitable for large-scale agriculture. The result of the Russian achievement will be, in any case, whatever western capitalists say or do, to show these countries the advantage of ridding themselves of an antique landlordism and to encourage peasant parties to develop their own systems of "producers' co-operatives." In the same way Russia will not need to tell us that we ought to nationalise our industries if confusion and unemployment occur: the public itself will profit by the Socialist example.

Russia does not to-day advocate federations of small countries on their present basis or with governments that represent the vested interests of the past. The U.S.S.R. is itself a vast federation, and when the Germans have been driven out and governments which represent the interests of workers and peasants are established, inevitably the advantages of economic organisation which overlaps national frontiers will be realised. In that case we may hope to see the growth of regional systems that will gradually overcome exclusive nationalism. No advantage will be gained, though much time may be lost and bitter suffering may be caused, by efforts made by State Departments or Foreign Offices to recreate the petty principalities and princelings of the past. Sooner or later the world must discover the quite simple truth that sovereign States which have chanced to emerge through centuries of religious and dynastic wars cannot solve the minority problems within their artificial frontiers nor can any exchange of populations or redrawing of frontiers provide a remedy. These minorities have their own national consciousness. The only solution is a federal system which permits of far more cultural and national units within a larger political and economic frame.

Stalin did not invent those ideas, but they have first been exemplified in the U.S.S.R. If men were more reasonable this type of intelligent organisation could have become general without war, but because of the virulence of the Fascist counter-revolution, seen at its worst in Germany, because of the tenacity of vested interests and the shortsightedness of governments, our society has been condemned to the most terrible catastrophe that the world has known. The lesson for us is not that we should condone all the ruthless acts of the Soviet revolution, or that we should import her monolithic structure. Russia's political system is still in process of development; the "Stalin Constitution" of 1935 still waits to be turned into reality. But it is already clear, as Russia returns to a belief in family life, inaugurates an era of religious toleration, and turns again to so many of her national traditions, that much that seemed to be swept away by the Revolution is still strong in Russia. The Revolution has settled one basic issue and opened up a perspective of new problems. That is the way of revolutions. When the dust settled after the Napoleonic Wars, it was found that the French Revolution had not produced a Utopia, but rid France of feudalism, given the peasants the land, and made political democracy possible. So to-day the Russian Revolution has produced a socialist economy and made economic democracy possible. If we can grasp this essential fact, and within our own tradition of democracy carry out our own necessary social revolution, we may still meet the challenge of our generation.

A LONDON DIARY

THE wretched feud between Sir Stafford Cripps and the Labour Party is composed at last. There were, I believe, some rather lengthy conversations which ended some time ago in a decision of the Executive to readmit him. I gather that the dispute with the local party, which was rather more irreconcilable, is also in a fair way to settlement. The sooner the whole unhappy episode of his expulsion is forgotten the better. While he inhabited the Limbo of independence, more than one other group angled for him, notably the Liberals. But his allegiance always lay with the Labour Party. I hope it realises what an asset it is regaining. His prestige does not, of course, stand where it did, when he returned from Moscow and made one of the most moving broadcasts we have heard during this war. The difficult job he afterwards undertook as leader of the House did not suit him. But he remains one of its most effective debaters and one of the few men whom everyone respects as both disinterested and of first-class ability.

* * *

When the old Houses of Parliament were burnt down and rebuilt in 1833 no one declared that the Chamber that had resounded to the eloquence of Burke and Pitt must be rebuilt exactly as before. They rebuilt in the popular Gothic of their day. In 1944, with less confidence in ourselves, we propose to rebuild in a revived revival of the same Gothic. Our fathers have been uncomfortable ; so must we be. But there is to be a wind blowing in the new Chamber, sometimes from one side and sometimes from the other. It will be tempered, I hope, to the shorn lambs of politics, and assume the proportions of a withering blast only when a member so far forgets himself as to show enthusiasm or passion in his advocacy.

* * *

The ab'e publicity men who mean to use the prestige of the Prime Minister to win the "impending" general election for the Tory Party realised long ago that the Conservatives must take the offensive on Social Insurance and other domestic measures which the public now regard as an indispensable part of any reconstruction programme. At all costs they want to dissociate the Tory Party in the public mind from the period of Baldwin and Chamberlain. A right-wing Tory revolt against progressive legislation suits them admirably ; it makes it easier to pose as champions of social reform. This Conservative plan of campaign is brilliantly exposed in Michael Foot's *Brendan and Beverley* (Gollancz, 2*s.* 6*d.*), which shows, by a series of discussions between the anonymous Brendan Taper and Beverley Tadpole, the conversion of one of the most unrepentant Chamberlainites to the new strategy. Tadpole, infuriated by *Your M.P.* and *Guilty Men*, wants to write a defence of the Tory Party. Relentlessly, the realistic Minister for Culture explodes every single argument he produces.

> Any man can proclaim sound Conservative principles on a 20,000 majority. Look at Lord Croft. He's been keeping the flag flying for years. But, remember, he was the Member for Bournemouth, not Barnsley.

Foot is right ; the intelligent Tories are going to keep off the past as much as they can. They know that the Service voter is not going to be thinking much about Parties. He will vote for those who look like getting things done. Which is a tip for Labour as well as for Tadpole.

* * *

"Premature." Was there ever, asked Lord Cecil, in his address to the Foreign Press Association, a more inapposite adjective than this Foreign Office description of Litvinov's proposal that the League, in 1938, should take up the question of Germany's manifest preparation for war ? I recalled, as Lord Cecil asked this question, that the same astonishing adjective was used by Lord Halifax in 1939, when, just after Hitler's march on Prague, and our guarantee to Poland, Russia suggested some staff conversations in Bucharest ! Lord Cecil was, of course, too polite to point out that the very people who had not wanted to stop Germany in 1938–9 because they thought Germany would attack Russia and not us, still hold important positions in this country to-day ; but he was quite frank in saying that of all the Great Powers, only Russia had a good record in trying to curb aggression ; and in saying that the proposed Council would only work if this time the Powers had the will to make it work. I found it very moving to hear Lord Cecil in 1944 analysing Dumbarton Oaks in terms almost as vigorous, and just as lucid, as he used after the last war in his great campaign for the League. He stoops more than he did, but he is still a K.C., as well as an idealist, and he still points with the same long, hooked forefinger with which I remember so vividly seeing him pulverise the Duke of Northumberland twenty-five years ago.

* * *

At a lonely ack-ack site recently a corporal was asking the ENSA pianist how he "got on" with the piano. "A bit of an ordeal," replied the pianist, mildly . . . "I was afraid of that," said the corporal, "the fact is the boys use the wires to mend their dartboards." I don't know whether this sort of thing has been a common experience for ENSA artists, but looking through *ENSA Record*, from which I take this story, I should imagine that the comedians, musicians and actors who have been all over the world entertaining the troops must have some queer times. The figures of concerts and shows given on every fighting front in the last year are, I must say, pretty impressive, and there are many men and women in lonely or uncomfortable spots who must have been very glad indeed to see Tommy Trinder or George Formby turn up. As far as I can make out, much of the noise which some papers have made about the unwillingness of many stars to go overseas or, on the other hand, about the inadequacies and inefficiency of ENSA, seems to be quite misplaced. The real difficulty is that artists are asked to volunteer for ENSA and, if they do so, are very inadequately paid. As a result, the decision about which actors shall do ENSA work has, in fact, been left to a kind of tug-of-war between their consciences and their professional interests. There is, I understand, no official ruling by the Ministry of Labour about the amount of work a performer should do for ENSA. Basil Dean, therefore, has to get along as best he can. I know that there are serious complaints about the absence of ENSA in India and Burma. But not only are the transport facilities lamentable, but there is a long-standing argument with the Government of India about the responsibility for paying the bill once the artists are out there. Surely, even at this late stage in the war, the Government ought to put itself whole-heartedly behind ENSA instead of getting Forces entertainment done as cheaply—and so inadequately—as possible ?

* * *

I am glad to see that some of the friends of Jawaharlal Nehru are holding a public meeting on Tuesday next at 7 p.m. in the Kingsway Hall. Fittingly, the speakers include Chinese, Hindus and Moslems as well as British. It is with a feeling of shame that I realise that this man, whom everyone, Left and Right alike, know to be courageous, sincere, and a statesman, is now in prison for the twelfth time in the last twenty-five years. He has spent fifteen years in gaol.

* * *

The speakers at last week's Congress of British-Soviet friendship were all concerned to work out what "unity with the U.S.S.R." means in terms of action. Priestley remarked on the need for taking "the business of cultural exchange out of the vague atmosphere of resolutions, messages and occasional cables," and beginning "to plan the actual machinery of exchange." I couldn't agree more. As soon as conditions permit, we ought to organise the widest possible interchange of cultural, educational and scientific material ; we must at the same time persuade the Russian to send their students to British universities and so on. And we ought to begin the preliminary arrangements for that sort of thing right away, without waiting for the end of the war.

* * *

A friend who says he can vouch for the authenticity of the story, writes :

"I believe the Bishop of Exeter is still chortling over a communication from the Ministry of Fuel. It was addressed to 'Mr. Charles Exon' and ran something as follows :

> Mr. Charles Exon.
> Dear Sir,
> In reply to your application of the —th, we have to inform you that it cannot be entertained as you are not engaged in the performance of any useful work.
> Yours faithfully,
> The Ministry of Fuel, etc."

CRITIC

LEAVE, COMPASSIONATE, CHILDREN'S PRODUCTION, FOR THE USE OF

In distant lands the stalwart bands of would-be fathers wait
Certificates to join their mates upon affairs of State.
For para. 3 (appendix B) will authorise a chap
To reproduce, for scheduled use, the species *homo sap.*

When good Sir James takes down their names and files, to procreate,
This *caveat* the unborn brat must circumnavigate :
"All who have wives (past thirty-five) and children unbegot
And certified that they have tried, are able, and have not,

"May stake a claim. But if their aim is not, and has succeeded,
We can't allow that here and now their services are needed.
All who apply must certify that they can understand
What lies behind the subtle mind of the Middle East Command."

The Middle East has now released a gallant group of men,
Of future Dads, like Galahads, who have the strength of ten;
And every dame must be the same, for it is *infra dig*
That they should dare a child to bear uncertified by Grigg.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to C. Thomas.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

It is difficult to believe that in India public opinion, except for a small minority fascinated by Congress doctrinaires, desires to discard British sovereignty while a Maharana of Udaipur, claiming a longer descent than any European ruler, and the Nizam of Hyderabad, cheerfully bow to the suzerainty of the King-Emperor.—*Sunday Times.*

By the way, the Duchess of Kent unconsciously created much uneasiness by wishing to go down that coalmine in Durham. There is, I am told, a rule that the directors never go down the mines and even for Royalty none of those present on the surface would descend. So her Royal Highness was consigned to the care of the general manager.—*Liverpool Echo.*

To those bombed out.—Believers in Town Wall Assembly, E. Hartlepool, can give a home, excluding furniture, to a few saints, bombed out, or otherwise affected by war.—Advert. in *The Witness.*

BELGIUM TO-DAY

(From a correspondent recently returned from the Low Countries.)

Behind the obvious struggles of the Pierlot Government in Belgium against the material difficulties which liberation has brought in its wake, there has been going on since the first day a defensive campaign conducted by the traditional parties against the challenge of the Communists and the new forces associated with them. So far, events have played into the hands of the Communists, who have used them with skill. From the plethora of confused political forces and emotions set free by the Allied armies, it is impossible to do more than single out a few of the main trends which appeared gradually but with increasing clarity. Of these the conflict between the old parties and the new is the most obvious.

The Communist Party is not, of course, new in Belgium, but before the war it had little influence. In the first week of freedom in Brussels, however, I found Catholic, Liberal and Socialist politicians showing concern about its growth during the occupation. From the time of the German attack on Russia, Communists had been prominent in the resistance movements and the German habit of describing as "Communist wreckers" all the hostages and others whom they shot had strengthened their prestige in the popular mind. Moreover, the Germans had destroyed the ordinary trade union organisations and many of the local underground workers' organisations had grown up under Communist influence. it was generally thought, however, that while the Communists had gained some ground among the workers, their chief gain was in the ranks of the lower middle-class, the humble black-coated employees who suffered most during the occupation.

The first impulse of the traditional parties was to close their ranks and assert again the monopoly of power which had been theirs in the past. In the first few days a declaration of policy, to which the Communists were not invited to subscribe, was issued jointly by the Catholics, Liberals and Socialists. They formed their own plans for a new Government, and the Communists had no part in them. The more clear-sighted of the traditional politicians realised, however, that for some time any Government would be involved in great difficulties which would be bound to provoke public criticism, and they argued that for their own sakes it was necessary that the Communists should share the responsibility. It is some measure of their anxiety, that the Catholics were able to overcome their traditional antipathy and the Socialists their traditional fears sufficiently for them to accept the inclusion of two Communists in the new Pierlot Government when it was eventually formed.

Meanwhile the Communists were anything but inactive. They set themselves to identify their cause with that of the underground movement. They campaigned for the inclusion of underground leaders in the Government, and for those things which had the greatest emotional appeal for underground fighters. They campaigned for "purification" of the Government services, for the arrests of collaborators, and especially of the "big" collaborators, financial magnates and industrialists. They attacked the black market restaurants so bitterly that they were forced to close their doors. They attacked with particular anger any suggestion that the underground armies should be disarmed. And at the same time they criticised continually the "old gang" of politicians, who had in large measure lost the confidence of the public. Their inclusion in the Government did nothing to subdue their attacks on it. Two of their members were in office, but the party declined to accept collective responsibility. As the food position grew worse their attacks on the Government for its failure to take quicker and stronger measures to meet it grew more bitter. Their policy has undoubtedly enabled them to extend their influence with the underground movements, though to what extent and how lastingly it is hard to say. For the moment the underground movement is most formidable in its armed strength. It includes some 100,000 men with weapons, whereas the Belgian police force numbers only about 10,000 and is unarmed. The only Belgian trained army units are engaged in fighting.

The Government is reluctant in these circumstances to oppose the wishes of the underground beyond a certain point. This may and does sometimes increase their difficulties. It was their intention, for instance, to make use for a time of the existing food control organisation even though many of its members were suspect. But pressure from the underground was so strong that they had to clean it up drastically, with the result that it almost ceased to function and this was an important factor in exacerbating the food position. The short term advantage for the Communists of association with this force is obvious. The long term advantage is scarcely less so. Here are many thousands of patriotic, energetic, self-sacrificing but to a considerable extent politically uninformed people. They include a high proportion of the most vital youth of the nation. If they find the Communists alone pressing for the things which they want—and which others seem unaccountably reluctant to grant—they may well be drawn into the party and become a source of lasting strength to it.

Communist activity undoubtedly colours the whole political scene in Belgium. The Socialists, and to a lesser extent the Liberals, are being forced in self-defence to support the demands so dear to the hearts of the underground. And the undoubted failure of the Government to make the best of the bad food position is being attacked from all sides. Some Socialists are even beginning to turn their eyes Left rather than Right and to talk about struggling with the Communists for socialism rather than influencing the traditional coalition towards social amelioration. Even M. Spaak, who is as sensitive to the winds of public opinion as any politician in Belgium, spoke in a recent speech of new democratic groupings. The important and politically conscious Co-operative movement is for the moment holding its hand. The office of Minister of Food was astutely declined by its president, and it will have a clean record when it chooses to use its influence. Among the Left-wing rank and file there is much restlessness and a desire to go forward, rather than back to old methods and old coalitions.

M. Pierlot was never a popular choice as Prime Minister—a man who had been in the country during the occupation would have been preferred if one could have been found acceptable to everybody—and there is a marked lack of confidence in pre-war politicians generally. In these circumstances some people are wondering whether the Government can survive the interim period until the prisoners and workers return from Germany and a general election is held. The Government in its difficulties is inclined to look to Britain for help. Its supporters believe it is in Britain's interest to support a democratic, capitalist regime similar to her own. They think that Britain can help by allowing sufficient food imports to permit a general improvement of the food position and thus helping to remove the chief focus of public discontent; by helping to meet the potential power of the armed underground by agreeing to arm and equip a considerable new Belgian army—which would enable the Government to transfer far more patriot fighters than is at present possible to the army, and would at the same time provide them with an instrument to maintain order; and by accepting their wish for a permanent military alliance, a move of great popularity which would do much to establish the Government in public esteem. These three subjects will be discussed by M. Spaak in his coming conversations with Mr. Eden.

The Government's supporters believe that with these aids, and possibly even without all of them, it will be able to weather the present storm. They think that the Belgian temperament is not naturally attracted to Communism, and that as conditions become more normal and the strength of the underground organisations is gradually sapped, the threat to the ancient ascendancy of the Catholic-Liberal-Socialist triumvirate will disappear. Then will come the elections. The present Pierlots will have served their purpose and vanish. Will new Pierlots take their places?

WANDERER

THE PHILIPPINES

Almost two and a half years after the fall of Corregidor the wheel has come full circle and the war has returned to the Philippines. A glance at the map shows at once the significance of the Allied landings on Leyte and Samar. This bold stroke, carried out with admirable precision, serves a double purpose. It not only cuts in half the Philippine archipelago itself, thereby rendering it useless as a base for the protection of Japan's Inner Zone; but, once the occupation is complete, it will also have severed the Inner Zone from the Outer Zone, tearing apart the entire structure of the Co-Prosperity Sphere. It is a deep stab at the heart of the Japanese Empire, and may prove to be of decisive importance for the course of the Far Eastern War. The elimination of the Japanese Navy will in due course make a jump across the straits to Formosa and the establishment of a bridgehead on the China coast a practical proposition. The Netherlands East Indies, Borneo, Malaya, Indo-china, Siam, and Burma will then be cut off. The great flow of transport and supplies on which Japan's war industries depend will be interrupted, and her power to supply her forces in the south will have come to an end.

That is the strategic picture. The campaign in the Philippines is, however, unlikely to be a walk-over. The Japanese under General Homma took just over five months for their own campaign in 1941-42; they have since had nearly thirty months to prepare against the threat of MacArthur's return, and it would be surprising if the Americans could do it in less. Japanese strength in the whole archipelago, which comprises some 700 islands with a population of nearly 17 million, is believed to be just under a quarter of a million men and therefore not insuperable. (MacArthur is said to have landed 100,000 men within the first 48 hours.) The Japanese are under the command of Lt.-Gen. Shigenori Kuroda, an experienced field commander who succeeded General Tanaka last year, and form part of the overall command of the redoubtable Field-Marshal Count Terauchi, the C.-in-C. Pacific Area. To this force may have to be added an unknown number of native troops which the Japanese have been trying to levy with the help of the puppet government of José Laurel during the past year. The reliability of these Filipino Constabulary and Home Defence Corps is highly doubtful, and they will hardly count for much in the decisive battles. But in the opening stages they may serve the Japanese by trying to keep order in the interior and holding the guerillas at bay.

This should prove to be a thankless task. The guerillas, American and Filipino, are numerous and well-organised. The Japanese have never ceased to complain about them, and General MacArthur's message to the partisans, thanking them for the great work they have done, shows that these complaints were well-founded. A large part of the Filipino population is known to be actively resisting the occupying authority, and without this the vast network of "hundreds of thousands of agents," built up by MacArthur, would have hardly been possible. In large areas in the Visayas and Mindanao the Japanese have no hold; in the southern islands partisan bands led by both Filipinos and Americans have been particularly active, and in some provinces free civil governments have been functioning. For

a recent punitive expedition in the south, the results of which were admitted by Tokio to be negligible, the Japanese were able to muster a bare 2,000 native troops. The hour of these partisans has now struck. They will come down from the mountains and harass Japanese bases in the plains and cities. In the long run all that Kuroda's men can hope to do is to fight a delaying action. They cannot hold the Philippines. Their chances of reinforcement are negligible—even if Tokio decided to despatch more troops, only a trickle could get through—and their prospects of escape to Formosa and the Chinese mainland are equally slender, once they have lost the protection of their fleet and the main Philippines air bases are in American hands.

Economically the loss of the Philippines would be least hard to bear for the Japanese, for the simple reason that they have had neither the time nor the means to make full use of their potentialities. Their economic policy in the Philippines has been a rather planless muddle from which the islanders have suffered grievously but from which Japan's war potential does not seem to have profited to any great extent. From the very beginning their lack of merchant tonnage made it impossible for them to absorb more than a small fraction of the country's enormous surplus in agricultural produce, mainly sugar and rice. They have, indeed, attempted to exploit the country's vast mineral deposits, chiefly copper, manganese ore, and the invaluable chrome, but here again shipping has been the limiting factor. On the whole, the use which Japanese war industries have been able to make of the Philippines metal production has hardly reached proportions where the sudden loss of these resources would make itself felt decisively in the factories of Osaka and Nagoya.

The political picture is less simple. While it is true that among all occupied areas in East Asia the Philippines rank highest for their superbly sustained efforts at underground resistance, it is equally true that they harbour to-day probably more and better organised political quislings than any other area in the Pacific. The Filipinos have a gift for politics, and the men whom the Japanese chose for their puppet government are anything but anonymous amateurs. Within a month of capturing Manila the Japanese set up a "Philippines Executive Committee" answerable to the Japanese Commander-in-Chief and guided by Shozo Murata, the political representative on the Japanese Military Government. This committee had six departments which were later transformed into regular ministries and represented a kind of nuclear self-administration on probation. It was headed by Jorge Vargas, for long President Quezon's private secretary. When the Japanese in December 1941 advanced on Manila and Quezon departed, he left an emergency cabinet of four men with Vargas as Prime Minister. Vargas at once made common cause with the Japanese. Other members were José Laurel, a member of the Commonwealth Supreme Court, Claro M. Recto, Benigno Aquino, Antonio de las Alas, Manuel Roxas, José Yulo, Rafael Alunan, all of them high officials of the Quezon administration.

Simultaneously with the establishment of the "Executive Committee" a totalitarian movement called "Kalibapi" came into being and gradually installed itself as the official totalitarian monopoly party led by Aquino and Pio Duran. All former political parties disappeared. In August 1943 the Japanese permitted the formation of a "Philippines Independence Preparation Commission," which set to work under the chairmanship of Vargas. By October this commission, most of whose members had taken part in the drafting of the Commonwealth Convention of 1935, had completed a constitution. Vargas and Laurel went to Tokio to submit it to Tojo for approval, and upon their return the "Independent Republic of the Philippines" was proclaimed in Manila on October 14, 1943, with José Laurel as President, Aquino, the leader of the "Kalibapi" Party, as Chairman of a hand-picked "National Assembly," and Alunan, Recto, de las Alas, Quintin Pardes and Teofilio Sisen as Ministers. Vargas, the real maker of this "government," became Philippine Ambassador in Tokio, and Murata, his shrewd adviser and sponsor, Japanese Ambassador in Manila. The Japanese Military Government under General Wati was abolished and a formal military alliance concluded with Japan which provides that "the Philippines give all military facilities to Japan required for the prosecution of the Greater East Asia War." Out of a total of about 1,000 leading Filipino officials about one-fourth are reported to have accepted appointments with the puppet government.

Thus in the Philippines the liberating Allies are now, for the first time, coming up against a quisling government which has declared itself uncompromisingly Fascist and pro-Japanese. Laurel himself has repeatedly declared that "the political ideology of the Philippines is no different from that of Japan," and that "the 'Kalibapi' Party (which claims 140,000 members) will be the only political party as long as I hold the rudder of the State." Whether this Japanese-sponsored totalitarian government possesses any strength of its own and has its authority founded to any appreciable extent in the people, it is too early to know. The next few weeks and months will show whether it is capable of assisting the Japanese in any way, or whether it will distintegrate and be blown away like the Vichy Government, never to be seen or heard of again. If this happens, as it well may, it is likely to have tremendous repercussions in all other Japanese-dominated areas where it has been held up by Japanese propaganda as the model and ideal to which Indonesians, Malays and others should aspire. The political structure of the "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere" may then collapse *en bloc* along with the military structure, and a great opportunity will present itself to the Allies to fill the vacuum with a solid, constructive plan for the political reorganisation of East Asia worthy of the immense sufferings which its people have borne.

In the meantime, as regards the Philippines, the United States has made its intentions clear. The lawfully constituted Government of the Commonwealth has preserved its continuity. President Quezon, elected in 1935, took a number of his Ministers with him to the United States and reconstituted his Cabinet in Washington where he held office until his death on August 1, 1944. He has been succeeded by the Vice-President, Sergio Osmena, who reorganised the Cabinet, including amongst others, that remarkable man Brig. Gen. Carlos P. Romulo, as Secretary of Information, and has since landed with General MacArthur on Leyte. In his proclamation to the people of the Philippines of October 23, General MacArthur declared formally that the Commonwealth Government of President Osmena had been re-established on Philippine soil, that the Laurel Government was illegal and its laws and regulations null and void. The Commonwealth Constitution which, at least on paper, has never lapsed, is thus again governing Philippines territory as it is freed from the Japanese. Some further progress towards full independence has, however, been made in the meantime. In March, 1934, a dual instrument was drafted in accordance with the Tydings-McDuffie Act, consisting of a permanent constitution drawn up by a Filipino Convention (of which Laurel and Vargas were members!) and an ordinance governing the relations between the United States and the Commonwealth for a period of ten years from November 15, 1935. When the ordinance lapses on July 4, 1946, it was provided that the Commonwealth should automatically take over full sovereignty. In November, 1943, however, President Roosevelt asked Congress for authority to cut this process short and to grant independence immediately, and a joint resolution was passed by the House of Representatives on June 20, 1944, authorising the President to "proclaim independence prior to July 4, 1946."

That is how matters stand at present. With the elimination of the last Japanese stronghold in the archipelago and the return of President Osmena to Manila, the Philippines should in fact become an independent, separate and fully self-governing nation. It remains to be seen whether the political heritage of the Japanese will delay this or not. More than one subjugated people in the Far East will watch developments with anxiety and the keenest interest.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

THE COURT AND THE "COMMON PROSTITUTE"

THE policeman who had volunteered to show me the way took me through the cells and brought me up into the court through the passage used for the prisoners. At the end of the passage, just in front of the door leading into the court, were a number of girls and women who were talking to some policemen and policewomen.

Another policeman showed me to an enclosure in the court marked "Press Only." There was no one else in it and no one was in the dank-looking pen at the back of the court which was the space for the public. The court was empty except for a few court officials and one or two policemen and policewomen who were talking together at one of the entrances.

The Stipendiary magistrate entered soon preceded by an old, tired-looking man who shouted something, the words of which I forget but which indicated the arrival of the Stipendiary and that we should all stand up while he came in.

The Stipendiary was a tall, thin man of cultured appearance, a little over 50 I should imagine. He was so used to the court procedure that he seemed not to notice it at all. He entered and sat down with a glance round the court, and almost immediately became engrossed in a huge ledger on the desk in front of him. As far as I could see he did not, as he sat down, even make the semblance of a bow to the court in the way I had seen judges do. The few court officials were already seated again, so I followed suit.

The magistrate was still busy with his ledger when a young policeman, who had detached himself from his friends and who stood at a desk near them, yelled: "Miss Emma ———. Call Miss Emma ———."

There was a movement among the women I had passed at the court doorway. I could see them across the court as a policeman opened the door. He pushed one of them back who started to come forward into the court. "*Not* you!" I heard him say.

A tall, good-looking girl in navy slacks with a blue overcoat tightly belted came into court and stood between the iron railings at the back of the court just in front of the narrow, deep pen of the public enclosure. Her light brown hair seemed to be the only thing which worried her. She wore no hat and she flicked back a strand of hair casually as she glanced round the court with mild interest.

The young policeman announced that the accused was charged with being a "common prostitute."

This, apparently, was the cue for the heavy, big-featured man who sat at a table just in front of me. He recited in a loud, absurdly ding-dong voice, "Miss Emma ———, you are charged with being a common prostitute. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

The girl did not look at the clerk. She still showed no interest whatsoever in the proceedings. She flicked her hair back again as she glanced round the court, and I thought she said "Not guilty."

I looked back to the Stipendiary. He had still not looked up from his desk. The heavy man who was, I presume, the court clerk, was now himself writing in a ledger.

"When last convicted?" asked the magistrate from his book.

"Tenth July, 1944, your Honour," said the young policeman.

"Forty shillings," said the magistrate in an aside from his concentration on his ledger.

Miss ——— flounced out of the box and started talking with the policeman who acted as the doorman. They seemed quite amused about something. The magistrate and his clerk were still busy with their ledgers.

"Miss Gladys ——. Call Miss Gladys ——."

The young policeman was standing casually at his desk as he shouted.

A short, ginger-haired girl walked in. She stood in the box staring fixedly at the magistrate as he continued with his ledger. The clerk said his usual piece in his usual ding-dong manner. The girl pleaded "Guilty," as did all her sisters who followed her. The Stipendiary, though concerned with his ledger throughout and, as far as I noticed, never once looking up from it, never missed a cue. He said the same things at the same time to all of them. The policeman's answers, too, were exactly the same. Each and every one of them had been fined 40s. on the Tenth of July, 1944, and they were all fined 40s. again that morning.

(The two questions of absorbing interest which remained to me were, did the girls also have a quarterly medical examination when given their three-monthly equivalent of a licence, and *what* was so absorbing to the Magistrate in his oversize ledger!)

JOHN HILLIER

BOOING

Two plays have been booed in London recently and this has caused some surprise to those who have grown accustomed to the patience of English playgoers. The English are supposed to be a people that above all others have given a place among the rights of man to the right to grumble; but in the theatre they have seldom grumbled above a whisper. Throughout the centuries sufferance has been the badge of all their tribe. You would see no more remarkable examples of submissiveness even in an English hotel dining-room. Gallery and stalls seem to be equally convinced of the futility of protest. The worst play of the year is not greeted with Beachcomberish howls of wrath: condemnation goes no further than a kind of temperance of applause necessitating the rise of the curtain not more than three times at the end of the piece. If on the first night the curtain does not go up at least four times at the finish, people confide to each other on the way out: "It's a flop."

How different is the temper of spectators at a cricket match—at least at a serious cricket match! Australian crowds have been known to demonstrate noisily merely because they did not like Hardine's harlequin cap. They created such scenes about Larwood's bowling that it looked for a time as if the League of Nations would have to be called in to preserve the *Pax Britannica*. Even in England I have seen demonstrations at cricket matches that proved beyond a doubt that Englishmen take sport seriously. At Trent Bridge I have seen Warwick Armstrong changing the bowling when an English player had been injured by one of Gregory's lightning deliveries and the crowd—quite unfairly—roared its anger. The cricket public, unlike the theatre-going public, will not even endure boredom in silence. How in a critical match it resents the most legitimate display of stonewall batting by a player on the other side! Every time the batsman refuses to hit out and is content either to let the ball fly past him or to return it mildly towards the bowler, derisive cheers break out. Cricket is supposed to be the most sporting of games, but it is a game in which enthusiasts demand the exhibition of a sporting spirit chiefly from the other side. Let me not exaggerate, however. There are few places where applause is so impartially distributed as on a cricket ground. Still, there have been "scenes" on the cricket-ground in England as well as in Australia.

Football, it must be admitted, appeals to more violent passions. In football, if you are young enough and ardent enough, you can hate the other side almost as if it were composed of devils. You can hate the referee either as a fool or as a crook every time you disagree with his decisions. It has taken many years to train the football-going public up to a point at which refereeing has ceased to be a dangerous trade. If people were allowed to behave naturally, the referee would be chased off the field at the end of nine matches out of ten. I have seen a mob rushing on to the field in pursuit of a referee merely because in the last minute of the game he allowed a goal that had no effect on the result of the match. How nobly a priest or two rushed into the middle of the fray to protect him, using their umbrellas as truncheons! The mechanisation of modern life, however, has put an end to referee-hunting.

Demonstrations such as I have been describing, however, have seldom been the result of the public's impatience with bad play. The football at Cup Finals is said by some experts to be as a rule of poor quality, but the spectators never boo the teams at the end of the game for their poor performance. The most unruly passions that sport arouses, indeed, have mostly nothing to do with sport: they spring from such things as local patriotism or loss of money. Fifty years ago it was said that if a visiting team beat Newtownards even in what is called a friendly match at lacrosse, it was sure to get stoned on the way home. This did not imply a censure of the visiting team's play: it was merely an expression of the natural feeling that it was in accordance with the fitness of things that Newtownards should always win. I should have felt this myself if I had been born in Newtownards.

I have been present only at two sporting events at which the spectators became rowdy, not through partisanship or baser reasons, but simply because they thought they had been given a poor show for their money. One was the greatly boomed wrestling match between Hackenschmidt and Madrali, known as the Terrible Turk. Scarcely had the match begun when we saw Madrali standing in the corner of the ring looking like a walrus in agony, and heard the announcement that Hackenschmidt had won. The crowd, many of whom had put their money on the Turk, and most of whom had paid more money than they could afford in order to see a struggle between giants of genius, obviously felt that this was not good enough and booed Madrali as though he had picked their pockets. They did not realise presumably that his arm had been broken. About the same time, I went to the Bell and Horns to see Jem Mace in his old age—at least, old age for a boxing champion—returning to the ring for a benefit boxing match. Alas, in the years of his retirement, he had grown fat and scant of breath, and he had for his opponent another boxer who had grown fat and scant of breath. Never before or since were such gentle taps given with boxing gloves as those two perspiring seniors gave each other. Not a single blow was given, so far as I could see, that would have made a baby's nose bleed. It would have been as exciting to watch two good-natured puppies playing, and a number of youths who had come to see an exhibition of great pugilism forgot the reverence due to years and showed their disappointment jeeringly.

Only once have I seen a demonstration of this kind in the world of the arts. Sims Reeves, having grown too old for the concert hall, was persuaded to make a tour of the music-halls, his name and fame alone being enough to draw large audiences. Unfortunately he had lost his voice almost as completely as if he were suffering from a sore throat. Those who expected to hear "My Pretty Jane" sung in the melodious accents of a great tenor were shocked to find an aged man doing his best to be audible and scarcely able to emit more than a tremulous whisper. At the end of the song, a man sitting near me in the gallery uttered as loud a boo as I have ever heard. Most of the audience, however, were sympathetic and resentful of an insult to a famous singer. As for their money's worth, had they not had it in seeing a genius even in ruins?

On the whole, I think it is the good nature of audiences that explains the rarity of booing in the theatre. It is difficult to boo a bad play without seeming to boo actors and actresses who may be making the best of a hopeless job, and theatre-goers are much too fond of actors and actresses to wish to cause them pain. In the nineteenth century Max O'Rell used to say that the poor condition of the English theatre was the result of the soft-heartedness of the English people, who were too kind to hiss.

The French have been less sentimental when it has been a matter of either condoning a bad play or hissing a few actors and actresses. There have never been such aesthetic battles in the English theatre as occurred when Victor Hugo's *Hernani* was first produced in Paris. At the same time, the French have had better cause than the English for hostile demonstrations in the theatre. After all, it must be irritating to sit through a bad play and listen to a paid *claque* applauding enthusiastically at every fall of the curtain. A cohort of Yes-men naturally invites an opposition of No-men among younglings of spirit. Hence we find that even so recently as 1928 a group 10,000 strong appeared in Paris—calling itself the "chahuteurs"—with the object of "kicking up a row" during bad plays or plays in which mediocre actors appeared. "There are those among us," said the president of the association, "who do not fear kicks or blows, and we shall make ourselves heard." An eminent *comédienne* was quoted at the time as saying: "I would not mind in the least spending a night in the police-station in such a fine cause." An association of 10,000 playgoers ready to spend a night in the police station in so fine a cause is inconceivable in England. I doubt whether there are more than five men and women who would be willing to spend a night in a cell at Bow Street merely in order to demonstrate their opinion of a play. Scholars of the ancient universities used to face such sufferings on Boat Race night after a visit to a music-hall; but this was not because they disliked the programme, but because they liked smashing the theatre furniture and fighting policemen.

Even when the English gallery in a provincial town used to boo the villain in a melodrama, the passion that was expressed was ethical, not aesthetic. Oliver Cromwell's countrymen have never had much patience with a bad man on the melodramatic stage. The gallery loves virtue, however poor the writing and the acting in a play may be. It will cheer a good woman in a bad play and will boo a bad woman in a good play, as though questions of art did not matter. If the normal melodramatic gallery of Victorian days had attended Shakespeare's performances, I have no doubt they would have booed Macbeth and Richard III and Shylock. Shakespeare, unfortunately, drew a rather educational audience, and the few natural moralists in the gallery were quelled by the general atmosphere.

If booing for artistic reasons ever does become a custom in the English theatre, I hope it will extend to the cinema. There have probably been more bad plays produced on the cinema in the twenty years than have been produced in the theatres of Europe in the last two thousand; and yet the audience seldom expresses its opinion of them in the traditional fashion. Audiences, both in the cinema and in the neighbourhood of the wireless set, have become increasingly passive, and there is no means of telling bad producers, bad writers and bad actors how bad the mass of the public thinks them. If one took a police whistle into a cinema and kept blowing it during a bad play, as a valiant Frenchwoman did a few years ago in a Paris theatre, one would merely get thrown out as a rowdy and perhaps be fined in a police court. Still, now that booing has been revived in the theatre, it may gradually become normal in the cinema. If it does, I know whom I, if I were a younger man, would boo first.

Y.Y.

A NOTE ON FRENCH PAINTING

CONSIDERING the sequence of great artists which France has produced during the last eighty years, it would not be surprising if the soil were temporarily exhausted; and the impression which is left by a visit to the Salon d'Automne and the Paris dealers that French painting has been lying fallow is, perhaps, inevitable. Not only is there no new talent of the first order—and how easily such a talent could be overlooked at the present moment—but the familiar figures seem to have less heart for their work. Only the septuagenarians are as lively as ever. Vuillard is dead, and Maillol, who could hardly have died of old age, has been killed in a motor accident; but Bonnard and Matisse have continued to paint with increasing freedom and audacity. The new liberties of Bonnard are the more lovable, and have the reckless, evocative, magic of a great artist's last manner. Matisse's strangely Cartesian outlook has led him to rework all his designs until the impulse which gave them birth is stifled, and the cold-hearted *abandon* of his figures may be slightly distressing to the English eye. Both these painters have lived in the South and seem to have suffered little from the war. Rouault, on the other hand, has led a hard and restless existence, but has pursued his solitary way with growing richness of colour and invention.

In Paris the scene is dominated by Picasso. The slightly embarrassing comedy of his exhibit at the Salon d'Automne, guarded by sixteen policemen from the undiminished resentment of the old and the unexpected fury of the young, will not blind middle-aged amateurs to the interest of much that he has done during the last five years. His output of paintings has been almost too large, and much of it seems to depend more on a nervous than an emotional energy. At the best they are fierce and indignant; at the worst hasty and bad-tempered. But in addition to these paintings he has been working continuously on two magnificent pieces of sculpture. One of these is an enormous classic head of great fullness and dignity; the other, which is still incomplete, represents a bearded man holding in his arms, like a mandoline, a miniature nanny-goat. The theme allows an exciting contrast between the complex forms of the goat and the flat, archaic figure of the man; but as yet the idea is more fully realised in drawings than in the plaster. These drawings are certainly amongst the finest things which Picasso has ever done. In addition to studies for the Goat Bearer, there is a series representing a young man asleep with a naked woman sitting on the bed beside him, watching him intently, as Psyche watched Eros, but without the lamp. Some are in pure outline; others in line and wash, and each is a masterpiece, uniting the classic and romantic poles between which Picasso's genius has oscillated so long. Picasso himself knows that they are his best drawings, more complete and drawn from a deeper well than the paintings which he has done during the same years. One other work by Picasso, begun before the war, will delight even those who do not usually admire him: his series of illustrations to Buffon. It consists of a series of large etchings of animals insects and birds, which in decorative effect and mere verisimilitude equal their Chinese and Persian prototypes, and in power surpass them. This was one of the last publications planned by Vollard, and although it appears over another imprint, it should be reckoned the culmination of his admirable life's work. It is good to know that through the kindness of the publisher, M. Fabbiani, a copy of this unobtainable masterpiece has been presented to the British nation

THE MOVIES

"Adventures in Bokhara," at the Tatler
"The Climax," at the Odeon

The date of *Adventures in Bokhara* is given as 1943. It is stimulating, even in retrospect, to think of the cameras turning not only on attack and counter-attack, but also on this feathery Arabian Night's tale in Tashkent. Like the opera in besieged Leningrad, it bears traces of war: the technical production isn't by current standards first-rate. It lacks the gloss imparted to every film, however inferior, that is shipped out of Hollywood. So often, in fact, has the gloss belonged—as in the shinier magazines—to vapid unreality that we may even welcome its absence here along with a vigour and authenticity that the *Ali Babas* miss. The scene is eighteenth-century Bokhara; the adventures are those of the legendary Nasreddin who rides into the city on his moke, to play pranks at the expense of a tyrannical Emir. He dispenses a justice of his own, saving necks, rescuing a slave-girl from the royal harem, hiding in jars and masquerading as a soothsayer. Some of these adventures are very funny; for Nasreddin, unlike his Western counterparts, has a charming wit. He wins his way into the palace at night by persuading the guards that shooting stars dispense silver, slipping through while they scramble for the pieces, and involves the Emir himself in one of those conundrums that twist the speaker's words to his own ruin: the Emir, in fact, swears out of his own mouth to condemn himself to death. The proverbs, fables and tall stories of a community that believes in magic are delightful. Lev Sverdlin in the part of Nasreddin is a likeable buffoon, and the whole film, directed by Jacob Protozanov, is buoyant, racy and both fanciful and down to earth. This is the first real whiff of Asia we have known in a cinema for many months and it compensates for the hours we have spent pretending with Mrs. Pearl Buck and others.

The Climax is a fairy tale of a less entertaining kind. An opera-house has inspired a doctor (Boris Karloff) to kill its *prima donna* and keep her embalmed in a back room—as opera houses will. In this one everything except the opera is grand. Then a new singer comes along with a voice like the other's, and he takes a look at her and thinks she should be strangled with a rope of pearls. She escapes the pearls, but gets hypnotised, so that when the doctor stares at her she can't go on singing. And he is always turning up in the middle of an aria and staring. He is a little mad, by the way. And more than a little boring. The whole is steeped in colour to do justice to Mr. Karloff's walnut-tan amid the gilt and satins of song.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

BLACK INTERNATIONAL

Rupprecht von Wittelsbach calls on the Pope,
Otto von Habsburg has cropped up,
Royalist circles see vistas of hope
When Europe's Republics are mopped up.
Habsburgs are Holy as well as Imperial,
Their annals are old as their story is serial.

Family thrones they are ready to fill,
As Presidents fall with their Ministries,
From Chile, Bolivia, Peru and Brazil
Flock claimants of dead and gone dynasties.
With papal support (and a thumping majority)
Pretenders receive a high travel priority.

Wettins may sit upon Saxony's throne,
Zähringens flourish in Baden,
Württemberg-Brandenburgs get back their own,
When the tenant vacates Berchtesgaden.
The Third Reich is marked by exceptional brevity,
Habsburgs rejoice in amazing longevity.

Monarchs may rise in the wake of the peace,
Wittelsbachs reign in Bavaria,
Sonderburg-Glücksburg find welcome in Greece,
Saxe-Coburgs inherit Bulgaria.
The Vatican offers a new opportunity
For public devotion and Catholic unity.

Ex-Bourbon-Habsburgs in Spain may be found,
To match Lisbon's Habsburg-Braganza,
Habsburg-Leczinskis in Poland be crowned,
For that's what the Vatican plans are.
Catholic courts of antique consanguinity,
Rulers restoring the right of divinity.

Habsburgs and Bourbons safe back in the fold,
Not to mention the reigning Sardinians,
Wettins and Wittelsbachs throned as of old,
In sovereign ducal dominions.
Princes and potentates east of the Rhine again!
Ex-Hohenzollerns are getting in line again!
Dukes of Saxe-Coburg, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Meinigen!
Royalist circles begin to feel fine again.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

UNITED NATIONS AND FASCIST STATES

SIR,—The newspapers report that Mr. Stettinius, the Acting U.S. Secretary of State, was asked at a press conference:

"Does Russia's objection to the inclusion of Switzerland, Portugal and Spain [in the Chicago Conference on Civil Aviation, from which the U.S.S.R. stayed away owing to the presence of these three countries] indicate a threat to Russian participation in the projected United Nations security organisation?"

Mr. Stettinius is reported to have replied that "he certainly hoped not."

Now the United States was on bad terms with Mexico at the end of the last war, and refused to allow that country to be invited to become a member of the League. Switzerland broke off diplomatic relations with Russia immediately after the Bolshevik revolution, and has never renewed them since, because of the fear and hatred for Communism felt by some Swiss bankers, business men and farmers. The Fascist-minded dictatorships in Spain, Portugal and the Argentine have not only no diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, but have always been extremely hostile to that country. Franco even waged war on the U.S.S.R. as Hitler's semi-official ally and stooge through the Spanish Fascist Blue Division in the German Army on the Soviet front.

It is surely not too much to ask that the United Nations, when forming their grand alliance pledged to mutual peace and amity, should insist that the members of the brotherhood must start with at least that modest degree of unity among themselves that consists in having diplomatic relations with each other. No State that refuses to bury past quarrels and grievances, at least to the degree necessary for having diplomatic relations with all its fellow-members, should be admitted to the United Nations. That goes for Switzerland as well as for her Fascist associates in diplomatically boycotting the U.S.S.R. If the Soviet Government take that line they should have the fullest British support.

But the Fascist-minded dictatorships are disqualified from membership of the new peace-keeping system not only by their refusal to enter into diplomatic relations with and to drop their hostility to one of its principal members. They are also unfit to be members of the United Nations because these regimes are totally and "organically" opposed to the principles and standards on which alone a system of international peace and co-operation can exist. Their conception of national interests is incompatible with any honest joint action by States in pursuance of common international interests. Their bad faith and evil temper in international relations is constant, because they rely on fraud and force in their dealings with other States as they do for oppressing their own subjects.

Mr. Cordell Hull was right (I hope) when he declared that "We have moved from a careless tolerance of evil institutions to the conviction that free Governments and Nazi and Fascist Governments cannot exist together, because the very nature of the latter requires them to be aggressors."

Mr. Sumner Welles was right (I hope) when he said the American people would demand that the new world organisation should rest on the moral principle of "the inalienable right of all peoples to enjoy the freedoms of religion, of speech, and of information. No greater bulwark for peace for the future can be built than through universal recognition of these freedoms as human rights. Every nation which becomes a member of the international organisation to be set up should be obliged, as a condition of its adherence, to show that its citizens are guaranteed these rights by its national constitution."

The neo-appeasers—as usual styling themselves realists—have only one reply to these arguments. "It will be easier to deal with the Fascist States within than outside the new international organisation." If there were an atom of truth in that assertion the Fascist regimes would prefer to stay out. But, of course, they don't.

Franco & Co. do not want to come into the new League in order that the democracies should be in stronger position to deal with them when they misbehave. They want to come in because they know that membership will give them advantages in promoting their misguided conception of their national interests by bribery, blackmail, intrigue and the other methods practised by Fascist States. Whereas if they are excluded, they will be isolated, morally condemned as unfit for civilised company, and thereby placed in such a weak diplomatic and economic position as to be dangerously near overthrow by their own peoples.

For these reasons the founders of the United Nations should insist that States would be admitted as members only if they were in normal diplomatic relations with all their fellow-members of the United Nations. And the Charter of the United Nations should contain a declaration of democratic purpose and the Rights of Man to which States should be required to pledge themselves as a condition of membership. "GENEVA."

WHAT CAN WE DO WITH GERMANY?

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. C. A. Smith asks: "If the German nation as a whole is rabidly Pan-German, why have the monster concentration camps been filled with Germans"—reputed to exceed two millions? This question illustrates a widely prevalent confusion of thought—the identifying of National Socialism with Pan-Germanism, a different and much older doctrine. We have no evidence to show what proportion of these two millions support or oppose Pan-Germanism, although the majority are probably opposed to at least some features of National Socialism. But the camps also contain scores of thousands who have only offended against some of the innumerable harsh regulations of the regime, or the Gestapo, or are merely Jews, Communists, "politically unsound," religionists, rumour-mongers, profiteers, defeatists, etc., quite irrespective of any views they may or may not have about Pan-Germanism.

I have for the past three years been in contact with a number of highly intelligent anti-Nazi and often anti-militarist German refugees in this country. But I have found few of them without a certain latent, and sometimes open, conviction that Poles, Czechs and Slovaks are "inferior" races and too often with a sub-conscious feeling that Germany is therefore justified in dominating them in one way or another. T. H. MINSHALL

Letchworth Hall,
Herts.

SIR,—Mr. C. A. Smith has been stirred into such a frenzy of admiration for the liberal elements in Germany that he ignores the great difference between them and the Liberals of Western Europe. No one who knows anything of Germany's past would deny that there have been many men of Liberal mind loyal to our common European heritage, but in Imperial Germany they were totally without influence, and in Weimar Germany they were persecuted or murdered. Murdered Liberals redeem Germany's record from unbroken iniquity; but what is the good of murdered Liberals to the other peoples of Europe? Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman not merely defended the freedom of other peoples; each, on the basis of this programme, was carried to office with great popular support. Liebknecht and Eisner, on the other hand, were murdered by nationalist gangsters in the employ of one of the Social Democrats whom Mr. Smith so much admires. The Independent Socialists (but not Mr. Smith's favourites, the Social Democrats) voted against the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk; their reward was to lose one of their Berlin strongholds to a war-mongering Majority Socialist at a by-election.

Equally no one would deny that many, perhaps most, Germans dislike the ruthlessness and barbarity of Nazi rule when applied to themselves; but these same lovers of liberty support a line of action in foreign affairs which can only be attained by Nazi methods. Thus the Social Democrats voted courageously against the granting of dictatorial powers to Hitler in April, 1933, but they returned to the Reichstag in May, 1933, to vote with equal conviction for Hitler's foreign policy. Certainly the Nazis did not gain a clear majority at any free election, but there was an anti-democratic majority at every election after 1919. The Republic was the product solely of Allied victory and owed nothing to German efforts. Fredom was, and will be, imposed upon the Germans from without.

Magdalen College, Oxford. A. J. P. TAYLOR

SIR,—Recent discussions on "re-education" take it for granted that the Nazification of German youth grows intenser the longer they have been under Nazi influence, that it is therefore worse for the age group of 16–17 years who have been under Nazi rule since they were six years of age.

I remember a talk with a 16-year-old boy in 1939. He was leader of a small Hitler youth group in North Germany, himself very critical of the honesty of the Nazi system. He said roughly this of his group: When the youngest join their organisation they march through the streets in uniforms, they have a band, the policeman clears the traffic for them, they play war games and they love it. Afterwards they join the Hitler Youth proper, they have a different uniform, march through the streets and play war games. They rather like it. When they are 15 years of age they still march through the streets and the policeman still stops the traffic, and they still play war games, and they are utterly fed up with it. They also see that promotion in the Hitler Youth goes not always to the best, but very frequently to the son of the local Party chief. He claimed this attitude of disillusion to be general in most groups.

I doubt this last statement. It seems to me unlikely that he or anybody else can know the true opinion of the mass of German youth. One of the gravest weaknesses of any dictatorship is that nobody, the Government included, knows for certain what the people—or the youth—really think. I am sure Mr. Goebbels would be happy to know of a way to find out the true state of opinion of the various sectors of the population.

But if we cannot find out about the disillusioned groups, what evidence is there for a statement that the Nazification of German youth has been successful? There are the Nazi Government statements to this effect and reports about German prisoners of war. It is not necessary to waste words about official Nazi statements. As to German prisoners, I doubt from my own internment experiences whether the prison state of mind can be taken as a reliable guide. Incidentally, I wonder whether it is possible to make some sort of large-scale mass observation test amongst prisoners of war, and if so, whether it has been done.

I do not claim that forceful Nazi-education creates anti-Nazis. I say that we do not know, but that it is just as possible that it succeeds as that it fails. Probably it varies. What the percentage of failure or success is I cannot see how anybody can know.

The present time seems to give us little guide for any general statement. All revolutions try to imbue their revolutionary spirit in their adolescents. Does history, then, show that the second generation of revolutionaries are more revolutionary in their outlook than the first generation? Messrs. Hitler, Göring and Goebbels have not been educated under the Nazi system. R. L. H.

PAKISTAN

SIR,—Your editorial comment on my letter published in your current issue calls for a brief reply.

I made it quite clear, of course, that the extreme demands of both Muslim League and Congress are equally unreasonable, though I imagine that Mr. Jinnah would be satisfied with a good deal less than he appears to ask for in the normal course of bargaining.

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You are, however, mistaken, I think, in supposing that the 60 million Muslims referred to "already govern themselves and need no protection as they enjoy a majority in their provinces." This is true in the minor provinces of Sind and the North-West Frontier with a total aggregate population of some seven millions. But in the large and vital provinces of Bengal and the Punjab, with Muslim majorities of 55 and 58 per cent. respectively, the voting power of the Muslims as such is limited by Statute (the Act of 1935) to 47½ and 49½ per cent. respectively, including women representatives.

For this same reason the result of a "decisive vote in the Councils" would be a foregone conclusion with a small but certain majority against Pakistan. It scarcely seems necessary to go to the trouble involved in order to ascertain an already known fact.

H. S. T. B. PHILBY

The Athenæum, S.W.1.

SIR,—Sir Hari Singh Gour, in your issue of November 4, appears to attach undue importance to Mr. Choudbury Rahmat Ali's original conception of Pakistan. Pakistan, as it is understood by the Muslim masses in India to-day, fundamentally differs from the Pakistan as propounded by Mr. Rahmat Ali about ten years ago.

Sir Hari Singh's failure to grasp the difference, it may be suggested, is due to his oversight of the great change that has come about in the political mentality of the Muslims in India. Mr. Rahmat Ali, writing at a time when the Indian Muslims were politically dormant and lagged far behind their Hindu brethren in political consciousness, looked for inspiration towards Muslim countries outside India, notably Turkey and Persia, and dreamt of "reviving" the Muslim glory of the past in conjunction with them. It was essentially a reflection of the weak and backward condition of the Muslims in India, and not seldom in the history of political theory and practice has conscious weakness been the mother of excessive aggressiveness.

The Muslim masses of India to-day are, however, in a completely different stage of political development. Pakistan, corresponding to their new political awakening, is a demand for their right to self-determination, both in cultural as well as in political fields. This demand, flowing from their new sense of organised strength, is neither anti-Indian nor anti-humanitarian. Muslim opinion is not yet crystallised as to whether this right will be an "exclusive" one, or will aim at realising itself within a unified, federated India. Those of us who stand for the immediate freeing of India should accept the Muslim right to self-determination and strive to persuade the Muslim community to exercise the right within the orbit of a united India. Mr. Gandhi's recent step in this direction is a great contribution and helps to build the real unity of India.

It is unfortunate that Sir Hari Singh Gour should overlook this vital difference and consequently find himself in the position of condemning the growing political consciousness of the Indian Muslims, instead of welcoming it as a great gain for India as a whole.

M. A. LATIF

Jesus College,
Cambridge.

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATION

SIR,—I am grateful to Mr. Pethick Lawrence for reminding me that the Speaker's Conference proposed that all University graduates should be "automatically registered," without any fee, as Parliamentary electors. I should be interested to know, however, how it is suggested this can be carried out in practice. In London University alone there must be well over 50,000 graduates not at present registered. There is no up-to-date list of their present addresses, and in practice registration of these existing graduates cannot, therefore, be "automatic," but must necessarily depend on their making a formal claim to be registered. How many of them, I wonder, will trouble to do so?

When this question does come to be dealt with, I hope Parliament will insist that voting in University elections is made effectively secret. The present system of so-called "open voting," whereby candidates and their agents are permitted to make a record (during the scrutiny of votes) of how every graduate has voted is indefensible and, indeed, scandalous.

J. STEWART COOK

Crossways,
Osborne Road,
Windsor.

COMMUNITY EDUCATION

SIR,—Air Vice-Marshal Thorold has described the development in the R.A.F. of "the art of working together as a community," and has suggested ways and means of carrying this development over into civilian life.

These suggestions are most timely, and I want only to put beside them a short note on some work which has already been done with the same object.

A number of discussion clubs (mainly industrial) in Bristol, initiated and federated rather over a year ago by the industrial Discussion Clubs Experiment, have now made a solid contribution to community planning. After exploring a variety of other subjects, all these clubs decided to study the White Paper on a National Health Service. Each club reported its findings, which were co-ordinated by a local discussion club committee. The groups intended to work out the considered consumer views of the new Health Service, but recognised that these could give a partial picture only. The committee therefore met members of the Bristol Medical Association study group, and together they issued a joint criticism and counter-proposals.

Their report makes a number of useful new points. It has also particular interest and value as a pattern of work which might be followed on other reconstruction subjects. The problem of building efficient machinery, in the sense of its being fully adapted to the needs of those it serves, will be considerably eased if the people concerned have some knowledge of each other and some experience of practical co-operation.

MARY NICHOLSON

13 Upper Cheyne Row,
S.W.3.

SIR,—Air Vice-Marshal Thorold's letter with its suggestion of a News Room for every town and village must appeal to everyone interested in Adult Education.

But the question arises: who is going to start and run the News Rooms? One day there may be an Education Officer in every district, whose sole job it will be to promote adult education and entertainment; but that time is not within sight.

Meanwhile, there does exist a body whose function is to further adult education. I mean the Workers' Educational Association. So far they have paid no attention to the surroundings in which their classes are held, and this has seemed to Sir Richard Livingstone, and to many others, the biggest flaw in their work. The typical W.E.A. class meets in a cold and ugly hall or classroom and imbibes the maximum of information with the minimum of comfort.

Why should not the Ministry of Education give a grant to the W.E.A. to start a News Room wherever they have a class? Being a voluntary body they have a vast fund of enthusiasm to draw on, and W.E.A. students usually represent the most progressive elements in their neighbourhood. The Association is already subsidised in respect of the teaching side, so why not extend the subsidy to the surroundings?

A. S.

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THE BODLEY HEAD

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"Not a reading man but has a draft of a new Community in his waistcoat pocket," Emerson wrote to Carlyle in 1840. And not only drafts. The communities existed. They had many thousands of members. Communities that went in for free love, communities that went in for chastity, religious communities of every kind from Unitarians to Shakers, irreligious communities, deistic or atheist; some abolished money; some refused to eat meat; others rejected the State; others refused to hire domestic servants. They had all started in the atmosphere of religious revivalism which had brought Transcendentalism, Swedenborg, Spiritualism and other cults to the United States; they sprang from disillusion with the circumstances of American life. What were they?—the first earnest hapless flowers of Socialism or the last relics of the Revolution? Brook Farm and Owen's New Harmony are famous, but there were over 150 more of these groups; their members were counted in thousands; the land they held ran to tens of thousands of acres. Yet, after a year or two, or at most a decade, each new venture collapsed. The collective life did not seem to be made for jealous, litigious, sectarian man. In practice each community was a veiled dictatorship, and when the ruling personality left a worthy successor could never be found. There was a general "lack of faith in those who had the funds and lack of funds in those who had the faith." It was delightful to talk about Socialism, Utopia, human perfectibility and the nobility of work; it was hell going out to dig turnips and cart manure. Collective life had always attracted the loquacious and conceited sluggard. By the Sixties free land in the West put an end to these early essays in Socialism; American expansion bought off the problems they had tried in vain to solve.

When Emerson wrote his letter to Carlyle, he had one of these communities under his sympathetic but cautious Yankee eye. He was thinking of Brook Farm. A group of Transcendentalists had founded it. It was proposed "to ensure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labour . . . in the same individual," and to enable cultivated and liberal people "to live a more wholesome and simple life than can be led amidst the pressure of our competitive institutions." To Transcendentalists, always in tune with the infinite, living in a blur of words and sublimely unaware of human nature and economics, there was nothing unpractical in these proposals. There were no slums in New England; industrialism had hardly touched the country; the time seemed ripe for the higher life. Especially when the higher life could be ensured by the formation of a joint stock company that would pay a useful dividend. A strange mixing of the insufferably bland with the malignly bleak has always been in the New England character. Go ahead, said Emerson; but his own meditations on the Over Soul, the Infinite and the Perfect were for the moment quite satisfactorily, and, he said, *reliably* supported by the ordinary commercial investments of Concord. Nathaniel Hawthorne was not so cautious. At the unhopeful age of 37 he took a thousand dollars of his savings, picked up a dung fork and atempted the natural union of intellectual and manual labour. In six months he was cured.

When we read the life of Hawthorne we can never be sure how far he is involved in what involves him. He is always playing a lone hand. One moment he is mild, arch, shy and airy-fairy; the next he is the saturnine Puritan, the tragedian of guilt. And then again a new personality shows itself: the shrewd, anxious consul at Liverpool, squeezing the last dollar out of the spoils of office and not severely scrupulous about Government money. A creature of delicacy, Hawthorne, nevertheless, displays an extraordinary coarseness of grain. His voice grates with the harsh scepticism of the disappointed man. In vain we try to link the chill and proud young æsthete of the solitary attic in Salem, numbed by family pride, ghost-haunted and silent, with the political quarrels of the Custom House, and the hard-headed official who made 30,000 dollars out of fees and expenses at Liverpool. And Brook Farm adds its complexity. Hawthorne dipped his foot in here and quickly pulled it out. Yet when we look again, those disparate figures begin to merge and for the simplest of reasons. The need of breaking down his own solitude and the frantic need for money that would enable him to write are the main themes of Hawthorne's character. Most writers are distressed about money; Hawthorne was fevered in his financial anxiety. He had been turned out of the Customs Office by a political intrigue. He had been defeated by the most unscrupulous form of competition: the use of politics to dig a man out of his job. At 37 he can hardly have expected to find the greed of human nature had been extirpated in a communal dairy farm; but the unworldly lowing of transcendental voices in debate and the prospects of an investment must have persuaded him that here he would be among friends who would allow him to work. The life of the gentleman farmer has often looked like the economic solution of the dilemma of authorship, and democracy suggested that farmers would find time to be gentlemen if they pooled the risks and lived a collective life.

So Hawthorne joined Brook Farm. The ex-Customs official who had been imprisoned in the boredom of his office and had been driven from it by calumny put on a blue smock and cowhide boots. He approached a cow. It was, at his request, one of the quieter cows. It did not respond. He was sent to chop hay. This was more his line, he felt, and flew at the job with such violence that he broke the machine. An enormous energy had seized the recluse of Salem; he zoomed into manual labour with all the frenzy of he townsman, all the zeal of the intellectual. The number of breakages grew larger. The eloquent but not inexperienced Dr. Ripley, the founder of Brook Farm, moved the lover of allegories to a part of the farmyard where he could do less damage. He told him to shift the manure pile. Hawthorne was delighted. He was even rhapsodic. What an allegory was here. Outside in the world men wore out their souls and bodies, and destroyed one another, for gold; but this dung (said the prophet of Freudian symbolism) "is a pure and wholesome substance, else our Mother Nature would not devour it so greedily." Back to Nature. Those who work the land, own it by their labour—see Rousseau. "This gold ore," wrote Hawthorne to his future wife, "defiles the hands but not the soul." He had picked up the dung fork in April. By the summer his spring song had gone.

> "That abominable gold mine," he wrote again to his future bride. "Thank God we anticipate getting rid of its treasures. It is my opinion that a man's soul may be buried and perish under a dung heap or in a furrow of the field, just as well as under a pile of money. Oh, my beloved, dost thou think it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? Dearest, it is not so."

And yet this had seemed "the righteous and heaven-blessed way of life," unpoisoned by the modern world. He had come into meals, when the whole community assembled, and had felt "the original Adam reviving within me." But then something of the original Cain began to rise when he heard the orgies of pun-making which seasoned the meals. The intellectuals were all a little odd. One of them, a mystic, used to sit all day under a tree. The intellectuals and the real farmers kept apart. Manners were not very good. There were boors who banged the table. And when distinguished visitors like Mr. Emerson or Margaret Fuller came to start a debate in the evenings, the Brook Farmers would be yawning on the floor and would just get up and go when it suited them. Yet Miss Margaret Fuller chose her subjects well. "Impulse" was one of them. "The reason for choosing this subject," she said, "is the great tendency here to advocate spontaneousness at the expense of reflection. . . . I defended Nature, as I always do . . . the spirit ascending though not superseding Nature." The claims of intellect, she noted, were being postponed at Brook Farm.

So Hawthorne thought, too; more than postponed—asphyxiated. He had enjoyed himself. But how curious it was, he said, that, in order to survive, the Brook Farmers had to be even more competitive with the outside world than the unredeemed. The way they rushed off to be first at the market! And then there was his old bugbear—isolation. "I was beginning to lose the sense of what kind of world it was, among innumerable schemes of what it might be or ought to be." And later on he wrote that "no sagacious man will long retain his sagacity if he lives exclusively among reformers and progressive people without periodically returning into the settled system of things to correct himself by a new observation from that old standpoint." Brook Farm was isolated from life. Presently, but after he left to write his own account of it in *The Blithedale Romance*, Brook Farm failed. The Fourierists took it over. Unable to bear the sight of the sale, which took place in 1847, the few colonists went off to the woods and drowned their despair by reading Browning's *Paracelsus* aloud.

Hawthorne's experience at Brook Farm is described in Mr. Lloyd Morris's *The Rebellious Puritan*; and has an important place in a new American piece of research, *Hawthorne, Critic of Society*,* by Lawrence Sargent Hall, a dull, industrious book designed to show that Hawthorne was always a democrat and that he had, contrary to general belief, a strong concern with politics and reform. This kind of thesis is *de rigueur* nowadays. It is just as easy to show that Hawthorne was politically minded as it is to show that he was not. The fact is that Hawthorne followed his time. Brook Farm cured him of philanthropy; he believed in being "in life" and not in causes. Yet he was quite clear that isolation, pride and guilt had a social as well as a private meaning in the lives of the Pyncheon family; but if they had worked and made money their guilt might not have grown. In America this kind of guilt was not so apparent as in England; for there was little privilege in New England and, at that time, little inherited wealth and no industrial system on the English scale. Hawthorne tended to attribute this lack of guilt in America to the American constitution; whereas it might welll be due to the poverty of agriculture. Hawthorne himself swam with the ever-strengthening current which he called democracy; it was to become an individualism that in time was to isolate his country from the world in 1918 and which, armed with enormous wealth and power, looks again like trying to play the old game of heads I win and tails you lose. His writings on England suggest that he would have been an aggressive patriot now; he hoped for union—with America as the dominant partner; a kind of revenge washed down by brotherhood. But the opinions of Hawthorne are unimportant. The subject that interested him anywhere and everywhere was isolation: isolation in the heart and (at Brook Farm), that isolation from society and life which amounted to hostility. He described it, he argued against it; but in the end, when Hawthorne died, Emerson, who was his close friend, remarked that he had hardly known him.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* Hawthorne, Critic of Society. By Lawrence Sargent Hall. Oxford University Press.

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VOLUNTEER REPORTER

Full Employment in a Free Society. By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

Sir William Beveridge made his first report on Social Security at the Government's request and with its help. This second report he has had to make as a volunteer, not merely without any special help from the Government, but in face of an actual boycott. He could, he tells his readers, have made a better job of it if he had been as well placed in preparing the present report as he was before; but he has done pretty well as it is, aided notably by Mr. Nicholas Kaldor, who has prepared for him an extraordinarily interesting appendix on the financial and budgeting aspects of a full employment policy.

Sir William's main thesis is that the key to the maintenance of full employment is to be found in the "socialisation of demand." He attempts to by-pass the entire controversy between capitalism and Socialism by this means. If the State will but accept and implement the policy of ensuring an adequate demand for all that can be produced, then, he argues, it will be irrelevant whether industries are publicly or privately owned and operated. He does, indeed, advocate some extension of the publicly owned sector as a means to widening the State's control over the volume and direction of investment; and he does hold the threat of further socialisation of industry in reserve for dealing with recalcitrant monopolists or inefficient industries. But in his view the issue of "Capitalism *versus* Socialism" should, in the main, be argued out and decided on grounds quite distinct from those of employment. Given the right level of demand, he thinks industry will respond, whether it be mainly in public or in private hands.

Sir William does indeed, insist that it is not enough merely to secure that aggregate demand shall be equal to aggregate productive power at current prices. He rightly argues that demand must be related to the specific character of the available productive capacity, and not simply to its total amount. But he thinks this can be secured without extensive socialisation, provided that the Government takes large powers to control the location of industry, to influence private investment through a National Investment Board, and to regulate foreign trade in the interests of a satisfactory balance of payments. In his view the Government, in its White Paper, exaggerates the difficulty of regulating the volume and direction of private investment; and he is rightly critical of the White Paper, not only because of its absurd and self-contradicting pronouncements on finance, but also because of its reliance on public works as a cure-all, despite the manifest fact that "public works," in any ordinary sense of the term, are singularly ill adapted to provide the specific kinds of employment for which, where private demand slackens off, there is the most urgent need. Sir William includes in his book a most excellent study of past trade fluctuations, showing in what degrees and proportions they have affected industries of different types, and, in particular, how heavily their impact has fallen not only on the constructional industries but also on those engaged mainly in production for export.

The great doubt that is left in one's mind after reading Sir William's masterpiece (for it is no less) is whether industry, under private ownership, is capable of responding in the ways in which he looks to it to respond to an enlargement and steadying of money demand. His plan will work, if business men on the whole, in face of improved and stabler demand, both abandon their restrictive practices and greatly improve their efficiency, not only as heads of individual businesses but also collectively, in reorganising their industries to meet changing needs, and if, further, labour not only abandons its restrictive practices, but also settles down to co-operate amicably with capitalism, and is ready to refer all differences about the division of the product to impartial arbitration. None of these things is inconceivable; but it is not easy to suppose that they will all happen without a profound transformation of the State itself, as well as of the attitudes characteristic of industry at the stage of large-scale capitalism.

Sir William's objective is not simply "Full Employment," but "Full Employment in a Free Society." He rejects compulsory arbitration, compulsory direction of labour, and similar coercions as unnecessary as well as repulsive to the spirit of freedom; and in doing so he is inclined to underestimate the amount of public control over industrial policy that will be needed to eradicate monopoly practices and to stimulate efficiency and adaptability throughout the productive system. His plan *could* work, in theory; but the practical obstacles to its working seem more formidable than could be overcome without a much bigger instalment of Socialism than he suggests.

There is no space, in this brief review, to discuss Sir William's most valuable study of the conditions of British foreign trade and balance of payments after the war in relation to full employment policy. The gist of it is that, though Great Britain's interest lies in a widespread revival of multilateral trading, full multilateralism will be practicable only if all the leading countries are coherently following policies of full employment, and further if international action is taken to stabilise the prices and conditions of supply of foodstuffs and materials. He has also wise words to say about the stabilisation of international investment, and provides in his book a blue print even more for a world policy of full employment than for a purely national policy for this country. In sum, here is a most notable book, packed with ripe knowledge and valuable suggestions, and falling short only to the extent that Sir William as a Liberal is very determined not to become involved in the controversy between Socialism and private enterprise, and therefore skates over thin ice whenever he comes to those parts of his subject where this issue arises in any acute form.

G. D. H. COLE

A NEW STANDARD WORK

A Critical History of English Poetry. By HERBERT J. C. GRIERSON and J. C. SMITH. *Chatto and Windus.* 21s.

Sir Herbert Grierson is unrivalled, unless it be by Dr. Oliver Elton, among living authorities on English literature; and Dr. Smith, already well known to his fellow-scholars, has recently won a wider audience with his thoughtful study on Wordsworth. Before reading the History upon which two such experts have collaborated, we know that it will prove an exemplar of ripe scholarship. On the jacket the publisher explains (in questionable grammar) the book's origin:

> In 1940, finding themselves debarred from more active forms of war work, it occurred to them that they might occupy themselves, not unpatriotically, in tracing the course of "that famous stream," the stream of English poetry; "by nothing," said Matthew Arnold, "is England so great as by her poetry."

Now war work, even in its less active forms, too often entails the dutiful performance of some uncongenial task. Might not the fabulist present the war-worker under the figure of a racehorse harnessed to the plough? And it is difficult not to wish that Sir Herbert and Dr. Smith had used their notable powers upon some labour more enjoyable than the compilation of a text-book, however excellent. For a text-book this is. What else could it be, since the authors have set themselves to summarise in 521 pages the history of English poetry from Beowulf to Mr. Auden? They dwell longest (at least so they declare) on the greatest poets, but their purpose obliges them to follow, with few digressions, a sadly beaten track. We know that we shall find those two couplets from *Cooper's Hill*, because no history of English poetry would be adequate without them; we know that we shall be told once more about *Ralph Roister Doister* and *Gorboduc*, *Grongar Hill* and *Marmion*. It would tax an archangel to find any new comment upon such subjects, but they are dear to the hearts of examiners. About even the most rewarding and unplumbable poets there is space here only for the prime facts. If four pages are all that can be given to Donne, how shall even Sir Herbert, the supreme authority on Donne, include in them anything that has not become a commonplace?

The authors end their preface with a candid constatation:

> The critic, no less than the poet, is the child of his age: and we are well aware that critics like us, whose taste in poetry was formed in Victorian days, may fail to do justice to the poetry and the criticism of the present generation, between which and the Victorian Age "a shift of sensibility" has occurred comparable to that which took place between the Age of Pope and the Age of Wordsworth.

These words embolden one to notice the particularities of personal or of period taste displayed in this History. These show not so much in the coldness towards Mr. Eliot and Mr. Auden as in the comparative valuation of older poets.

> Consider these names, to mention no others: Meredith, Swinburne, Hardy, Doughty, Bridges, Mrs. Meynell, Davidson, Housman, Thompson, Yeats, Kipling, "A.E.," Binyon, Sturge Moore, Davies, Synge, de la Mare, Bottomley, Mrs. Taylor, Gibson, Masefield, Abercrombie, Flecker, Lawrence, Brooke—all living and writing between 1900 and 1914. What other period of equal length can show such an assemblage of poets of all but the first rank?

The answer, I suggest, is "almost any period since 1590, except perhaps the last half of the eighteenth century." It is more than probable that some of the poets named above are now undervalued, but others seem already as obsolete as the once applauded Akenside. Such generosity towards the poets who wrote in the earlier years of Sir Herbert's and Dr. Smith's reading is understandable. More surprising are certain apparent defects in appreciation. Nineteen pages are given to Burns, eighteen to Crabbe, sixteen to Cowper; but only one to Gray, one to Herbert, one to Webster. And to Campion only a couple of lines (with no reference to his experiment in the use of the unrhymed stanza).

The explanation of what may seem a bizarre rationing of space is, I fancy, that the authors of this History have concentrated upon the "ideas" of poets rather than upon their poetry. Perhaps this is where the "shift of sensibility" becomes most conspicuous. I cannot speak for the younger generation, and the current denigration of Milton seems to me an enormity. I suggest, however, that the stuff of poetry is found not in the poet's thoughts but in his use of evocative and musical diction to express an imaginative vision consequent upon feeling. Shakespeare's views are little known to us, Milton's are often repellent, Pope's and Tennyson's are commonplace. A great poet's thoughts, I believe, are usually his least personal possessions. As Mallarmé said to Degas, "Ce n'est pas avec les idées qu'on fait les sonnets, c'est avec les mots." I enjoy Crabbe, but I cannot think that the originality of his thoughts about the poor makes him a greater poet than Campion or Gray. At times Sir Herbert and Dr. Smith appear to hold the view I am trying to put forward:

> In the last resort, however, it is not a poet's choice of subject, his being a realist or a romantic, that makes him a poet, but the manner in which he treats his subject, the charm which he lends to it by depth of feeling, beauty of language, music of verse.

But it is easier to define ideas and subjects than to analyse the use of words and images; and historians faced with the vast sum of English literature are comprehensibly tempted to follow the usual, and less arduous, path.

The History is not so well written as one would expect, and sometimes the authors show an indifference to the niceties of grammar. I will give only one instance: of Keats's odes we are told that "each is so unique" (alas that so vile a phrase should be given cathedral authority!). There are some judgments that invite dissent. As an instance of Wordsworth's early

use of the late-Augustan diction that he afterwards derided, this line is offered to us: "He opens of his feet the sanguine tides." But is not this violent image in origin Shakespearean? ("The tide of blood in me Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now.") To excite such differences of opinion is indeed one of the advantages of good criticism, and it is a weakness in this History that it rarely deviates into a judgment that invites discussion. The racehorses have ploughed their furrows all too steady and too straight.

But rather than persist in querulity, I would insist upon the solidity of the achievement. The quotations are numerous and nicely selected. Here, for instance, is William Browne, of Tavistock, hitting off a cit:

> And lives a knave to leave his son a knight.

Here is Cowper on a prostitute;

> The worn-out nuisance of the public street.

And Crabbe on *The Ancient Mariner* (which he attributes to a Mr. Lambe): an interesting attempt, he thinks, which—

> does not describe Madness by its effects but by Imitation, as if a painter to give a picture of Lunacy should make his Canvas crazy and fill it with weird unconnected Limbs and Distortion of features . . .

The comments also are often felicitous; "The raven himself sounds hoarser when you call him a 'hrafn'"; "Humble as it is in form, the ballad is a wilding from the garden of chivalry"; "One may read pages of Tennyson without lighting on an image drawn from any sense but sight or hearing." The chapters on Cowper, Crabbe and Burns are particularly good, because here the authors have allowed themselves a little elbow-room.

When I consider the massive erudition that has gone to construct this History, I wonder at my own impudence in venturing any adverse criticism. The book will take its place by the side of the omniscient and prejudiced Saintsbury, the sagacious and European-minded Legouis and Cazamian. To read it through is to be confirmed in Arnold's opinion: "by nothing is England so great as by her poetry."

RAYMOND MORTIMER

PEACEMAKING

Unfinished Business. By LT.-COL. BONSAL. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*

> Perhaps the World Charter which we fashioned in Paris will be re-drawn in a happier form, but as to its ultimate acceptance I have not the shadow of a doubt.

The words were President Wilson's about the Covenant of the League of Nations, uttered on his death-bed in 1922. They were recorded by Lt.-Col. Bonsal, President Wilson's and Col. House's interpreter at the Peace Conference (and the latter's confidential adviser and agent on many occasions), in his diary at the Peace Conference and after. To-day the Diary is published with the significant title *Unfinished Business* almost at the same moment as the appearance of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference proposals which are, in effect, a re-drawing of the Covenant of the League.

The main interest of the diary lies in its record of the previous attempt to establish an international organisation to secure world peace. There is much, too, in the chapters on the visit to Vienna, Prague, Budapest and Belgrade, on post-Versailles Germany, and on the lost fight for the Covenant in the U.S.A., that supplies footnotes to history and provides vivid and all too often painful reminders of errors and missed opportunities.

But there is no major disclosure that is wholly new, and it is difficult to see why the Diary was left unpublished until to-day, especially as the author records President Wilson's statement to him in 1922 that now he could no longer be too indiscreet to please the President, who gave him full absolution in advance for anything he might reveal.

These are some of the most interesting points on which *Unfinished Business* casts light: it was already known that Col. House had a tough struggle with the Allies at a conference in Paris at the end of October 1918, in order to make them accept President Wilson's Fourteen Points as the basis for the coming peace which Germany was promised in return for agreeing to the armistice, and that it was only after a threat of public exposure by the President in Congress that they yielded. But Col. Bonsal reveals the fact that House actually had to threaten a separate peace between the U.S. and Germany, brought about by the President submitting to Congress the peace terms he had approved "and also the terms that England and France and Italy apparently insist upon. In this way he would be giving the war-making Powers all the facts and ask for their decision. The question . . . he would present is this: 'Should we make peace with Germany now that she has accepted our terms or should we go on fighting Germany until she is forced to accept the terms that France, England and Italy apparently insist upon.'"

This time any such difficulty has been avoided by the repudiation of the Atlantic Charter as the basis of peace with our enemies, and by the insistence that "unconditional surrender" means a free hand to the Allies to do what they like. But the Fourteen Points were a tremendous weapon in our political warfare last time, and "unconditional surrender" is not least of the means Goebbels, Himmler and Co. are using to keep the German people fighting until the last gasp.

The darling project of David Hunter Miller, the American delegate who helped to make the final draft of the Covenant, was to make it provide for compulsory arbitration and all the Minor Powers supported the idea enthusiastically. But Lord Robert Cecil made England's unalterable opposition exceedingly clear. That conflict went on in the years between the wars. The principle of compulsory arbitration won a limited victory in the acceptance of the Optional Clause in the Statute of the Court. The Dumbarton Oaks proposals say there shall be a Court, but are silent as to whether or not it should have compulsory jurisdiction. And yet if the Great Powers were to accept the principle of obligatory judicial settlement of all disputes not settled by conciliation or other "political" means within a reasonable time (say one year), they could safely accept the principle, insisted upon by the Russians, that decisions of the Council on security issues required unanimity of its permanent members (i.e. the Great Powers).

Col. Bonsal never tires of pouring scorn on the demand of the French delegates, formulated on one occasion by M. Bourgeois as follows:

> The lessons of the recent past demonstrate the fact that the risk of sudden aggression is very great, and that it can only be met by an international army composed of contingents of the associated nations always prepared for joint concerted action.

The respective quotas of the participating countries should be fixed, an international staff at the disposal of the Council should be appointed, and an international Chief of Staff should be named immediately.

Lord Robert Cecil was vehemently and

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Company Meeting

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LOOKING FORWARD

Mr. C. E. PITMAN, the Deputy Chairman, took the chair at the 48th Annual General Meeting and said the year's profits, after allowing for taxation, were £36,990. All sections of the business had done well. After paying dividends of 5½ per cent., 5 per cent., and 6 per cent. on the three classes of shares, it was proposed to devote £12,300 to the Staff Betterment Fund and apportion the remainder between the Reserve for Contingencies and the Profit and Loss Account.

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Praising the loyalty and fine team work of the staff, the Chairman then proposed the formation of a Welfare Company to be run by representative members of the Staff, the Principal Company retaining a power of veto.

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Deploring the present high rate of taxation, Mr. C. E. Pitman reminded his listeners that the success of their enterprises had been made possible largely by profits ploughed back into the business. He remarked that had taxation in the past approximated to the heights of the present day there would have been very little development or enterprise.

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passionately opposed to this proposal, which he declared to be absolutely impossible. "Again and again the English representative, Lord Robert Cecil, stated that unless the impending danger was in plain view, it would be impossible for a responsible Minister of the British Crown to place a portion of the British Army under the command of a general who was not a British subject. As for himself, he stated that he would not presume to place such a suggestion before the constitutional advisers of the King. The President stood with Lord Robert Cecil. He assured the Committee that in his judgment, before any portion of the armed forces of the United States could be placed permanently under foreign or even international control, an amendment of the Constitution would be required."

Time has dramatically avenged the French. For the predominantly Anglo-American Dumbarton Oaks Conference proposals contain almost word for word the French idea of an international force composed of "earmarked" contingents of national forces and placed under the control of an international staff at the service of the Council.

The controversies on racial equality and on the principle of international trusteeship for colonies are matters that have a topical ring. The fight against revolution in Europe and British responsibility for maintaining von der Goltz's anti-Republican and anti-democratic Junker forces in the Baltic States and Finland, thereby strengthening the forces that undermined the Weimar Republic and paved the way for its overthrow by Hitler, are faithfully recorded. And this, too, sounds familiar: "The Weimar people agreed with me that, far from becoming its granary, the Ukraine had proved to be the graveyard of the German Empire. 'That foray into Russia was our undoing' was the conclusion that most of the members of the National Assembly now arrived at." Col. Bonsal's book is wonderfully up to date.

K. ZILLIACUS

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BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON.
6th November, 1944.

THOUGHTS IN HARVEST-TIME

Windfalls. Notes and Essays. By R. C. TREVELYAN. *Allen and Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In this collection of prose pieces a sensitive, generous poet and scholar wanders about in the autumnal shade of his own temperament and memories, picking up leaves as they fall and showing them to the reader with a quiet deference that almost, but not quite, disguises the intensity of feeling with which he is contemplating the time-stains and exquisite fadings lying in his hand.

His prose is felicitous, like his verse. That makes it, for me, more enjoyable, for I demand of verse something beyond felicity. One of the essays is called *Simple Pleasures*. In it the poet lists, under the headings of the five senses, those primitive reactions which give delight unmitigated by any consequence or mental responsibility; rolling in the snow; sucking nectar from clover flowers; looking up into the branches of a huge beech tree; smelling new-mown hay or wood smoke; hearing rain on the roof of one's house; these are a few of the many experiences which he lists, and they remind me of Keats's "Hopping with the sparrows on the gravel path," because they are the raw material of those subsequent emotions remembered in tranquillity from which poetry springs.

All this, the very quiescence of his attitude of mind, is a clear example of the poet's nature and how he deals with life. The simplicity and sensuousness which Milton recorded as two of the ingredients of poetry must be supplied by the poet's own nature. They must govern his thought and conduct, making his philosophy a sort of anarchism demonstrated through a pragmatic rule-of-thumb. The third ingredient of poetry, which Milton called Beauty, shall be added unto him—if the poet is lucky!

It is not surprising that Mr. Trevelyan should have something to say about Montaigne. But he does even that through his skin. "I lie in deep grass under the shade of a yew tree near my house, enjoying the lovely summer afternoon, and translating Montaigne. What more perfect occupation could one imagine?" None, for Montaigne is the prince of Autumnals; with him ripeness is all and all is ripeness.

The ample world of English country-house, town-house, school and university, a family steeped in cultural tradition and pride of achievement in letters and scholarship, surrounded Mr. Trevelyan so completely that he took it for granted. Now he sees that world breaking up, to be replaced by one "in almost every way for the worse. It is a hard, cruel, dangerous world, where the kind of courage I have been describing will appear to be no longer of much value or consequence." That courage is still familiar and valuable to older folk. It is the courage of persistence in self-control, the willing submission of one's own quite worthy rebelliousness to tried traditions. It is the courage of the Roman aristocrat as seen through the eyes of the eighteenth and nineteenth century English gentleman. I think that is the finest ideal the world has yet produced; and democracy, with its deliberate gracelessness, has yet to show a better. With Mr. Trevelyan's way of life, of course, there goes the love of books and meditation. He says he owes much to Desmond MacCarthy, who years ago advised him to "go alone as much as possible, to beware of picking up companions, however congenial, for expeditions and walking tours." And here is an especially revealing comment: "It is easy and natural to have talent at twenty; to have talent still at forty, that is the test; to keep it until old age, when it has been enriched by the experience of a lifetime, that is to be something more than a man of talent. Genius is always rare, and always admirable; but most admirable when it has matured into something that is uniquely personal."

That unusual glance at the nature of genius comes from a man of seventy-three.

RICHARD CHURCH

NEW PAMPHLETS

MPLOYMENT POLICY. *Progress Trust.*
A summary of the White Paper, the Commons ebate, press comment and complementary problems the Full Employment proposals. Useful reference oklet for speakers and discussion group leaders.

HE INTERNATIONAL POST-WAR SETTLEMENT. By LEONARD WOOLF. *Fabian Society.* 6*d.*
A suggested policy for the Labour Party, written the chairman of the Fabian International Bureau. ough printed before Dumbarton Oaks, its conclu- ns require no modification in the light of the scussions at that Conference.

HE TRUSTS VERSUS THE PEOPLE. By W. L. TAYLOR. *National Labour Press.* 1*s.*
An examination of the structure of monopoly pitalism and some of its more prominent repre- ntatives, showing their international connections.

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HE DEATH FACTORY NEAR LUBLIN. By KONSTANTIN SIMONOV. *Daily Worker.* 9*d.*
Eye-witness reports of the Nazi extermination camp Maidenek, by one of the leading war correspondents th the Red Army.

Week-end Competition

No. 771

t by **G. W. Stonier**

We offer the usual prizes for twenty lines in the le of *The Rape of the Lock*, celebrating the moment en a housewife expends her rations "points" for month.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 768

t by **W. R.**

News of the freeing of Athens has gladdened the Elysian Fields. The usual prizes are offered for a poem, or part of a poem, not more than 20 lines, celebrating the event, in the style of Milton, Marvell, Shelley or Tennyson.

port by **W. R.**

For every Shelley there are two Marvells, two nnysons and four Miltons. I could not omit the hor of *Hellas*, the English poet most devoted to eece and Liberty, but his style is very hard to ch. L. E. J. was the only entrant to catch the full l miraculous felicity of Tennyson, and the dedica- n of the lines to a Princess reminds us that Farring- d was close to Osborne. I must quote his two ncluding stanzas:

But now the rosy-fingered Dawn
Has touched again the Parthenon
And Freedom's host is marching on;
And thou upon some English lawn,
Marina,
Canst smile once more on autumn sheaves
And breathe the soft October gale,
The while the throstle flirts his tail
And scuffles in the fallen leaves,
Marina!

Excellent entries have come from William Bliss, S. C. Trench, Pibwob, Damon, Barbara Hastings, Nancy Gunter, Imalech and Willy Tadpole. I recommend that the prize money be divided between E. M., R. J. P. Hewison, Leslie Johnson, Terence Melican and W. Hindley (whose Milton and Tennyson are hardly inferior to his Shelley).

AN HORATIAN ODE

ON THE LIBERATION OF ATHENS

Now must the Muse in joyful strain
Tell how the fourth year brings again
To Athens o'er the sea
Her daughter Liberty.

Piraeus and Phalerum greet
The galleons of a rescuing fleet,
And waves of Salamis
Their keels in welcome kiss.

Now sees th' insulted Parthenon
Slink from her sacred walls the Hun,
And forth the olive grove
His obscene foot remove.

While in th' Elysian Academe
Old Socrates and Plato seem
In foresight to rejoice
That Truth, whose guiding voice

They once interpreted to men,
No more shall languish in the den
Where foes to human mind
Her fair form thought to bind.

E. M.

ATHENS RESTORED

A MARVELLIAN ODE

See how with News and Honour come
New warriors to *Elizium;*
That, *Athens* libertie,
This, death to set her free.

Proud *Thetis* son, *Demosthenes,*
And all the Shades Heroic, these
Recruits enroll with joye.
Hector himself (for Troye

Reveng'd in more than *Turkish* measure)
Partakes the Universal pleasure.
No Feast the Heroes serve
(Unfit while *Greece* yet starve,

While Hunger betwixt joye and Breath
Still drives the Iron wedge of death,
And Babes a watch does keep
Clipping their Coyne of sleep).

But mindeful of the Piteous croud
Whose Freedoms ensign was a shroud,
Their Needle points a Course
Twixt Poles of equall Force.

R. J. P. HEWISON

MILTON ON THE LIBERATION OF ATHENS

Me once, while yet th' empyreal beam undimm'd
Gladden'd these sightless orbs, keen fancy mov'd
To view Athena's city, hers who charm'd
The fertile, unctuous olive, sacred thence,
And with Poseidon vied for those sheer cliffs
That heave aloft th' august Acropolis.
Nathless fair Attica unseen I left
With what of haste avail'd, one bringing word
Of internecine war at home, nor deem'd
It fitting I should trace my steps at ease
While liberty with harden'd privilege strove.
By aid of horrent engines dire and strange,
Incredible how hurtl'd from the craft
Of sea-borne ammirals, Athens regains
Her old democratie, where once she fed
At Wisdom's fount all true enquiring minds.
Not with delaying hands must be despatch'd
More corporal food to pay our antient debt,
Lest fam'd Ilissus should become a Styx
Corpse-ridden, flowing through a famish'd land.

LESLIE JOHNSON

"ATHENS REGAINED"

BY JOHN MILTON

. . . even great Jove,
Unbending never his high port serene
Since when in shape assumed of feathered pow'r
He got bright Helen on the trembling queen,
Now with his thunders has acclaimed the hour,
And showers down blessings. Wise Athena, she
Alone of all the gods, descended to
Her city-state, now jubilantly free,
And gave direction to her people, new
In hope. Nor frowned she on the frolic swains
Who from surrounding plains
Came in a happy rout, with dance and mirth
To celebrate rebirth
And hand the festive wreath where once were chains.
And he returning now, whose pensive shade
Long years had wept by rock and hill and glade,
To fields of asphodel, was seen no more
Solivagant, upon the Attic shore.

TERENCE MELICAN

ON THE LIBERATION OF ATHENS

AFTER THE STYLE OF SHELLEY

In dreams I wept—thy erst pellucid airs
And famed ethereal effluence, Gleaming one!
The Violet-crowned: lay circumfused in gloom.
Scarce seen, the pillared wreck of that Great Dream
On the Acropolis looked down, and seemed
Lone, blind, and broken; from the vapourous clouds
And slow among them, the despondent moon
Shed fitful beams. As ghosts unsepulchred
Stand o'er the blackened frames of all their pride,
Piteously mourned, so stood the pillars, reft
Of all the majesty of Timelessness.
Or as once lay on the Caucasian crag
High souled Prometheus, and was disciplined,
For that he nursed a riddle unknown to Zeus
And loved mankind; so on the sacred hill
The mighty wreck hid secrets, nor cared those
From whom Freedom's face turns in agony.

But wakened from my dream I do not mourn,
For Lo, there shines about where'er I gaze
Beaconed, the sweet clear light of Liberty.

W. HINDLEY

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